THE LIBERTINE: A TRAGEDY.

As it is now Acted

BY HIS

MAJESTY's SERVANTS.

Written by THO. SHADWELL.

LONDON,

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To the most Illustrious Prince

WILLIAM;

DUKE, MARQUIS, and *EARL*

OF

Newcastle, &c.

May it please your Grace,

THE *Favours have been so many and so great, which your Grace's unwearied Bounty has conferred upon me, that I cannot omit this opportunity of telling the World, how much I have been obliged, and by whom. My Gratitude will not suffer me to smother the favours in silence; nor the Pride they have rais'd me to, let me conceal the Name of so excellent a Patron. The honour of being favoured by the Great* Newcastle, *is equal with any real Merit, I am sure infinitely above mine. Yet the encouragment I receive from your Grace, is the certain way to make the World believe I have some desert, or to create in me the most favourable thoughts of my self. My Name may thus, when otherwise it would perish, live in after Ages, under the Protection of your Grace's, which is famous abroad, and will be Eterniz'd in this Nation, for your Wit beyond all Poets: Judgment and Prudence, before all Statesmen; Courage and Conduct, above all Generals; Constancy and Loyalty, beyond all Subjects; Virtue and Temperance, above all Philosophers; for skill in Weapons, and Horsemanship, and all other Arts befitting your Quality, excelling all Noblemen: And lastly, for those eminent Services in defence of your King and Country, with an Interest and Power much exceeding all, and with Loyalty equalling any Nobleman. And indeed, the first was so great, that it might justly have*

made the greatest Prince afraid of it, had it not been so strongly secured by the latter.

All these Heroick Qualities I admired, and worshiped at a distance, before I had the Honour to wait upon your Grace at your House. For so vast was your Bounty to me, as to find me out in my obscurity, and oblige me several years, before you saw me at Welbeck; *where (when I arrived) I found a respect so extremely above the meanness of my Condition, that I still received it with blushes; having had nothing to recommend me, (but the Birth and Education, without the Fortune of a Gentleman) besides some Writings of mine, which your Grace was pleased to like. Then was soon added to my former Worship and Admiration, Infinite Love, and Infinite Gratitude, and a Pride of being favour'd by one, in whom I observ'd a Majesty equal with greatest Princes, yet Affability exceeding ordinary Gentlemen. A Greatness, that none e'er approached without Awe, or parted from without Satisfaction.*

Then (by the great honour I had to be daily admitted into your Grace's publick and private Conversation) I observed that admirable Experience and Judgment surmounting all the Old, and that vigorousness of Wit, and smartness of Expression, exceeding all the Young, I ever knew; and not only in sharp and apt Replies, the most excellent way of pursuing a Discourse; but (which is much more difficult) by giving easy and unforced occasions, the most admirable way of beginning one; and all this adapted to men of all Circumstances and Conditions. Your Grace being able to discourse with every Man in his own way, which, as it shews you to be a most accurate Observer of all Mens tempers, so it shews your Exellency in all their Arts. But when I had the favour daily to be admitted to your Grace's more retired Conversation, when I alone enjoyed the honour, I must declare, I never spent my hours with that pleasure, or improvement; nor shall I ever enough acknowledge that, and the rest of the Honours done me by your Grace, as much above my Condition as my Merit.

And now, my Lord, after all this, imagine not I intend this small Present of a Play (though favoured here by those I most wish it should be) as any return; for all the Services of my Life cannot make a sufficient one. I only lay hold on this occasion, to publish to the World your great Favours, and the grateful Acknowledgements of,

My most Noble LORD,

Your Grace's most Obliged,
Humble, and Obedient Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

THE PREFACE.

THE Story from which I took the hint of this Play, is famous all over *Spain*, *Italy*, and *France*: It was firſt put into a *Spaniſh* Play (as I have been told) the *Spaniards* having a Tradition (which they believe) of ſuch a vicious *Spaniard*, as is repreſented in this Play. From them the *Italian* Comedians took it, and from them the *French* took it, and four ſeveral *French* Plays were made upon the Story.

The Character of the *Libertine*, and conſequently thoſe of his Friends, are borrow'd; but all the Plot, till the later end of the fourth Act, is new: And all the reſt is very much varied from any thing which has been done upon the Subject.

I hope the Readers will excuſe the Irregularities of the Play, when they conſider, that the Extravagance of the Subject forced me to it: And I had rather try new ways to pleaſe, than to write on in the ſame Road, as too many do. I hope that the ſevereſt Reader will not be offended at the Repreſentation of thoſe Vices, on which they will ſee a dreadful puniſhment inflicted. And I have been told by a worthy Gentleman, that many years agone (when firſt a Play was made upon this Story in *Italy*) he has ſeen it Acted there by the name of *Atheiſto Fulminato*, in Churches, on Sundays, as a part of Devotion; and ſome, not of the leaſt Judgment and Piety here, have thought it rather an uſeful Moral, than an incouragement to Vice.

I have no reaſon to complain of the ſucceſs of this Play, ſince it pleaſed thoſe, whom, of all the World, I would pleaſe moſt. Nor was the Town unkind to it, for which reaſon I muſt applaud my good Fortune, to have pleaſed with ſo little pains: there being no Act in it, which coſt me above five days writing; and the laſt two, (the Play-houſe having great occaſion for a Play) were both written in four days, as ſeveral can teſtify, and this I dare declare, notwithſtanding the foul, coarſe, and ill-manner'd cenſure paſſed upon them, (who write Plays in three, four, or five Weeks time) by a rough, hobling Rhimer,

in

in his *Poſtſcript* to another Man's Play, which he ſpoil'd, and call'd *Love and Revenge*; I having before publickly owned the writing two Plays in ſo ſhort a time. He ought not to have meaſured any Man's Abilities, who writes for the Stage, with his own; for ſome may write that in three Weeks, which he cannot in three Years. But he is angry, that any Man ſhould write Senſe ſo eaſily, when he finds it ſo laborious a thing to write, even Fuſtian, that he is believed to have been three Years drudging upon the *Conqueſt of China*. But he ought not to be called a Poet, who cannot write ten times a better in three weeks.

I cannot here paſs by his ſawcy Epiſtle to this *Conqueſt*, which (inſtead of Expreſſions of juſt Reſpect, due to the Birth and Merit of his Patron) is ſtuffed with railing againſt others. And firſt, he begins with the vanity of his Tribe. What Tribe that really is, it is not hard to gueſs; but all the Poets will bear me witneſs it is not theirs, who are ſufficiently ſatisfied, that he is no more a Poet than Servant to his Majeſty, as he preſumes to write himſelf; which I wonder he will do, ſince Protections are taken off: I know not what Place he is Sworn into in Extraordinary, but I am ſure there is no ſuch thing as Poet in Extraordinary.

But I wonder (after all his railing) he will call theſe Poets his Brethren; if they were, me-thinks he might have more natural affection than to abuſe his Brethren: but he might have ſpared that Title, for we can find no manner of Relation betwixt him and them; for they are all Gentlemen, that will not own him, or keep him company: and that perhaps, is the cauſe which makes him ſo angry with them, to tax them, in his ill-manner'd Epiſtle, with Impudence, which he (having a particular Affection for his own Vice) calls by the name of Frailty. Impudence indeed is a very pretty Frailty.

But (whatever the Poets are guilty of) I wiſh he had as much of Poetry in him, as he has of that Frailty, for the good of the Duke's *Theatre*; they might then have hopes of gaining as much by his good Senſe, as they have loſt by his Fuſtian.

Thus much I thought fit to ſay in vindication of the Poets, though, I think, he has not Authority enough (with Men of Senſe) to fix any Calumny upon the Tribe, as he calls it. For which reaſon I ſhall never trouble my ſelf to take notice of him hereafter, ſince all Men of Wit will think, that he can do the Poets no greater injury, than pretending to be one. Nor had I ſaid ſo much in anſwer to his coarſe-railing, but to reprehend his Arrogance, and lead him to a little better knowledge of himſelf; nor does his baſe Language in his *Poſtſcript* deſerve a better Return.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

OUR Author ſent me hither for a Scout,
To ſpy what bloudy Criticks were come out;
Thoſe Piccaroons in Wit, wh' infeſt this Road,
And ſnap both Friend and Foe that come abroad.
This Savage Party crueller appears,
Than in the Chanel Oſtend *Privateers,*
You in this Road, or Sink or Plunder all,
Remorſleſs as a Storm on us you fall:
But as a Merchant, when by Storms diſtreſs'd,
Flings out his bulkey Goods to ſave the reſt,
Hoping a Calm may come, he keeps the beſt.
In this black Tempeſt which' ore us impends,
Near Rocks and Quick-ſands, and no Ports of Friends,
Our Poet gives this over to your Rage,
The moſt irregular Play upon the Stage,
As wild, and as extravagant as th' Age.
Now, angry Men, to all your Spleens give vent;
When all your Fury has on this been ſpent,
Elſe-where you with much worſe ſhall be content.
The Poet has no hopes you'll be appeas'd,
Who come on purpoſe but to be diſpleas'd,
Such corrupt Judges ſhould excepted be,
Who can condemn before they Hear or See.
Ne'r were ſuch bloudy Criticks yet in faſhion;
You Damn by abſolute Predeſtination.
But why ſo many to run One Man down?
It were a Mighty Triumph when y' have done.
Our ſcarcity of Plays you ſhould not blame,
When by foul poaching you deſtroy the Game.
Let him but have fair play, and he may then
Write himſelf into Favour once agen.
If after this your Anger you'll reveal,
To Cæſar he muſt make his juſt Appeal;
There Mercy and Judgment equally do meet,
To pardon Faults, and to encourage Wit.

THE

The Persons Represented.

Don *John*. THE *Libertine*; A rash fearless Man, guilty of all Vice.

Don *Antonio*. } His two Friends.
Don *Lopez*. }

Don *Octavio*. Brother to *Maria*.

Jacomo. Don *John*'s Man.

Leonora. Don *John*'s Mistriss, abused by him, yet follows him for Love.

Maria. Her Maid, abused by Don *John*, and following him for Revenge.

Don *Francisco*. Father to *Clara* and *Flavia*.

Clara. } His Daughters.
Flavia. }

Six Women. All Wives to Don *John*.

Hermit.

Two Gentlemen. Intended for Husbands to *Clara* and *Flavia*.

Ghosts.

Shepherds and *Shepherdesses*.

Old Woman.

Officer and *Soldiers*.

Singers, *Servants*, *Attendants*.

THE

THE LIBERTINE.

ACT I.

Enter Don John, *Don* Lopez, *Don* Antonio, Jacomo, *Don* John's *Valet.*

Don *John.* THus far without a bound we have enjoy'd
Our prosp'rous pleasures, which dull Fools call Sins;
Laugh'd at old feeble Judges, and weak Laws;
And at the fond fantastick thing, call'd Conscience,
Which serves for nothing but to make Men Cowards;
An idle fear of future Misery;
And is yet worse than all that we can fear.

D. *Lop.* Conscience made up of dark and horrid Thoughts,
Rais'd from the Fumes of a distemper'd Spleen.

D. *Anto.* A senseless Fear would make us contradict
The only certain Guide, Infallible Nature;
And at the call of Melancholy Fools,
(Who stile all Actions which they like not, Sins)
To silence all our Natural Appetites.

D. *John.* Yet those conscientious Fools, that would perswade us
To I know not what, which they call Piety,
Have in reserve private delicious Sins,
Great as the happy Libertine enjoys,
With which, in corners, wantonly they roul.

D. *Lop.* Don *John*, thou art our Oracle; thou hast
Dispell'd the Fumes which once clouded our Brains.

D. *Anto.* By thee, we have got loose from Education,
And the dull slavery of Pupillage,
Recover'd all the liberty of Nature,
Our own strong Reason now can go alone,
Without the feeble props of Splenetick Fools,
Who contradict our common Mother, Nature.

D. *John.* Nature gave us our Senses, which we please
Nor does our Reason war against our Sense.
By Natures Order, Sense should guide our Reason,
Since to the Mind all Objects Sense conveys.
But Fools for Shadows lose substantial Pleasures,
For idle Tales abandon true Delight,
And solid Joys of Day, for empty Dreams at Night.

Away, thou fooliſh thing, thou colick of the Mind,
Thou Worm by ill-digeſting Stomacks bred:
In ſpight of thee, we'll ſurfeit in Delights,
And never think ought can be ill that's pleaſant.

Jacom. A moſt excellent Sermon, and no doubt, Gentlemen, you have edifi'd much by it.

D. John. Away! thou formal phlegmatick Coxcomb, thou
Has neither Courage, nor yet Wit enough
To ſin thus. Thou art my dull conſcientious Pimp.
And when I am wanton with my Whore within,
Thou, with thy Beads and Pray'r-Book keep'ſt the Door.

Jacom. Sir, I find your Worſhip is no more afraid to be Damn'd, than other faſhionable Gentlemen of the Age: but, me-thinks, Halters and Axes ſhould terrify you. With reverence to your Worſhips, I've ſeen civiler Men hang'd, and Men of as pretty parts too. There's ſcarce a City in *Spain* but is too hot for you, you have committed ſuch Out-rages whereſoe'er you come.

D. *Lop.* Come, for diverſion, pray let's hear your Fool preach a little.

Jacom. For my part, I cannot but be troubled, that I ſhall loſe my Honour by you, Sir; for People will be apt to ſay, *Like Maſter, like Man.*

D. *John.* Your Honour, Raſcal, a Sow-gelder may better pretend to it.

Jacom. But I have another ſcruple, Sir.

D. *John.* What's that?

Jacom. I fear I ſhall be hang'd in your company.

D. *John.* That's an Honour you will ne'r have courage to deſerve.

Jacom. It is an Honour I am not ambitious of.

D. *Lop.* Why does the Fool talk of hanging? we ſcorn all Laws.

Jacom. It ſeems ſo, or you would not have cut your elder Brother's Throat, Don *Lopez.*

D. *Lop.* Why, you Coxcomb, he kept a good Eſtate from me, and I could not Whore and Revel ſufficiently without it.

D. *Anto.* Look you, *Jacomo*, had he not reaſon?

Jacom. Yes, *Antonio*, ſo had you to get both your Siſters with Child; 'twas very civil, I take it.

D. *Anto.* Yes, you fool, they were luſty young handſome Wenches, and pleas'd my Appetite. Beſides, I ſav'd the Honour of the Family by it; for if I had not, ſome body elſe would.

Jacom. O horrid Villany!
But you are both Saints to my hopeful Maſter;
I'll turn him looſe to *Belzebub* himſelf,
He ſhall out do him at his own Weapons.

D. *John.* I, you Raſcal.

Jacom. Oh no, Sir, you are as innocent. To cauſe your good old Father to be kill'd was nothing.

D. *John.* It was ſomething, and a good thing too, Sirrah: His whole deſign was to debar me of my pleaſures: He kept his Purſe from me, and could not be content with that, but ſtill would preach his ſenſleſs Morals to me, his old dull fooliſh ſtuff againſt my pleaſure. I cans'd him to be ſent I know not whither.

ther. But he believ'd he was to go to Heaven; I care not where he is, ſince I am rid of him.

Jacom. Cutting his Throat was a very good return for his begetting of you.

D. *John.* That was before he was aware on't, 'twas for his own ſake, he ne'er thought of me in the buſineſs.

Jacom. Heav'n bleſs us!

D. *John.* You Dog, I ſhall beat out your Brains, if you dare be ſo impudent as to pray in my Company.

Jacom. Good Sir, I have done, I have done———

D. *Lop.* Prithee let the inſipid Fool go on.

D. *Ant.* Let's hear the Coxcomb number up your Crimes,
The patterns we intend to imitate.

Jacom. Sir, let me lay your horrid Crimes before you:
The unhappy Minute may perhaps arrive,
When the ſenſe of 'em may make you penitent.

D. *Anto.* 'Twere better thou wer't hang'd.

D. *Lop.* Repent! Cowards and Fools do that.

D. *John.* Your valiant well-bred Gentlemen never repent:
But what ſhould I repent of?

Jacom. After the Murder of your Father, the brave Don *Pedro*, Governour of *Sevil*, for whom the Town are ſtill in grief, was in his own Houſe, barb'rouſly kill'd by you.

D. *John.* Barbarouſly, you lie, you Raſcal, 'twas finely done; I run him through the Lungs as handſomly, and kill'd him as decently, and as like a Gentleman as could be. The jealous Coxcomb deſerv'd death, he kept his Siſter from me; her Eyes would have kill'd me if I had not enjoy'd her, which I could not do without killing him: Beſides, I was alone, and kill'd him hand to fiſt.

Jacom. I never knew you go to Church but to take Sanctuary for a Murder, or to rob Churches of their Plate.

D. *John.* Heav'n needs not be ſerv'd in Plate, but I had uſe on't.

Jacom. How often have you ſcal'd the Walls of Monaſtaries? Two Nuns, I know, you raviſh'd, and a third you dangerouſly wounded for her violent reſiſtance.

D. *John.* The perverſe Jades were uncivil, and deſerv'd ſuch uſage.

Jacom. Some thirty Murders, Rapes innumerable, frequent Sacrilege, Parricide; in ſhort, not one in all the Catalogue of Sins have ſcap'd you.

D. *John.* My buſ'neſs is my pleaſure, that end I will always compaſs, without ſcrupling the means; there is no right or wrong, but what conduces to, or hinders pleaſure. But, you tedious inſipid Raſcal, if I hear more of your Morality, I will Carbonade you.

D. *Anto.* We live the life of Senſe, which no fantaſtick thing, call'd Reaſon, ſhall controul.

D. *Lop.* My Reaſon tells me, I muſt pleaſe my Senſe.

D. *John.* My Appetites are all I'm ſure I have from Heav'n, ſince they are Natural, and them I always will obey.

Jacom. I doubt it not, Sir, therefore I deſire to ſhake hands and part.

D. *John.* D'ye hear, Dog, talk once more of parting, and I will ſaw your Wind-pipe. I could find in my heart to cut your Raſcals Noſe off, and ſave

the Pox a labour: I'll do't, Sirrah, have at you.

Jacom. Good Sir, be not ſo tranſported; I will live, Sir, and will ſerve you in any thing; I'll fetch a Wench, or any thing in the World, Sir. O how I tremble at this Tyrants rage. [*Aſide.*

D. *Anto.* Come, 'tis Night, we loſe time, to our Adventures.

D. *Lop.* I have beſpoke Muſick for our Serenading.

D. *John.* Let's on, and live the Noble life of Senſe.

To all the powers of Love and mighty Luſt,
In ſpight of formal Fops I will be juſt.
What ways ſoe're conduce to my delight,
My Senſe inſtructs me, I muſt think 'em right.
On, on my Soul, and make no ſtop in pleaſure,
They're dull inſipid Fools that live by meaſure. [*Exeunt all but* Jacomo.

Jacom. What will become of me? If I ſhould leave him, he's ſo revengeful, he would Travel o're all *Spain* to find me out, and cut my Throat. I cannot live long with him neither: I ſhall be hang'd, or knock'd o'th' Head, or ſhare ſome dreadful Fate or other with him. 'Tis between him and me, as between the Devil and the Witch, who repents her Bargain, and would be free from future ills, but for the fear of preſent durſt not venture.

Enter Leonora.

Here comes *Leonora*, one of thoſe multitude of Ladies, he has Sworn, Ly'd to, and betray'd.

Leon. Jacomo, where is Don *John*? I could not live to endure a longer abſence from him. I have ſigh'd and wept my ſelf away: I move, but have no life left in me. His coldneſs and his abſence have given me fearful and killing apprehenſions. Where is my Dear?

Jacom. Your Dear, Madam! He's yours no more.

Leon. Heav'n! What do I hear? Speak, is he dead?

Jacom. To you he is.

Leon. Ah me, has he forgot his Vows and Oaths?
Has he no Conſcience, Faith, or Honour left?

Jacom. Left, Madam, he ne'er had any.

Leon. It is impoſſible, you ſpeak this out of Malice, ſure.

Jacom. There's no Man knows him better than I do.
I have a greater reſpect for you, than for any he has betray'd, and will undeceive you: He is the moſt perfidious Wretch alive.

Leon. Has he forgot the Sacred Contract, which was made privately betwixt us, and confirm'd before the Altar, during the time of Holy Maſs?

Jacom. All times and places are alike to him.

Leon. Oh how aſſiduous was he in his paſſion! How many thouſand Vows and Sighs he breath'd! What Tears he wept, ſeeming to ſuffer all the cruel pangs which Lovers e're endur'd! How eloquent were all his Words and Actions!

Jacom. His Perſon and his Parts are excellent, but his baſe Vices are beyond all meaſure: Why would you believe him?

Leon. My own Love brib'd me to believe him: I ſaw the Man I lov'd more than the World. Oft on his Knees, with his Eyes up to Heav'n, kiſſing my Hand with ſuch an amorous heat, and with ſuch ardor, breathing fervent vows

of

of Loyal Love, and venting ſad complaints of extreme ſufferings. I poor eaſy Soul, flattering my ſelf to think he meant as I did, loſt all my Sexes Faculty, Diſſembling; and in a Month muſt I be thus betray'd?

Jacom. Poor Lady! I cannot but have Bowels for you: your ſad Narration makes me weep in ſadneſs; But you are better us'd than others. I ne'r knew him conſtant a Fortnight before.

Leon. Then, then he promis'd he would marry me.

Jacom. If he were to live here one Month longer, he wou'd Marry half the Town, ugly and handſome, old and young: Nothing that's Female comes amiſs to him———

Leon. Does he not fear a Thunderbolt from Heav'n?

Jacom. No, nor a Devil from Hell. He owns no Deity but his voluptuous Appetite, whoſe ſatisfaction he will compaſs by Murders, Rapes, Treaſons, or ought elſe. But pray let me ask you one civil queſtion; Did you not give him earneſt of your Body, Madam.

Leon. Mock not my Miſery.
Oh! that confounds me. Ah! I thought him true, and lov'd him ſo, I could deny him nothing.

Jacom. Why, there 'tis; I fear you have, or elſe he wou'd have married you: He has married ſix within this Month, and promis'd fifteen more, all whom he has enjoy'd, and left, and is this night gone on ſome new adventure, ſome Rape, or Murder, ſome ſuch petty thing.

Leon. Oh Monſter of Impiety!
O falſe Don *John*! Wonder of Cruelty! [*She Swoons.*

Jacom. What a pox does ſhe ſwoon at the news! Alas! poor Soul, ſhe has mov'd me now to Pity, as ſhe did to Love. Ha! the Place is private——If I ſhould make uſe of a Natural Receipt to refreſh her, and bring her to life again, 'twould be a great pleaſure to me, and no trouble to her. Hum! 'tis very private, and I dare ſin in private. A deuce take her, ſhe revives, and prevents me.

Leon. Where is the cruel Tyrant! Inhumane Monſter! but I will ſtrive to fortify my ſelf. But Oh my misfortune! Oh my miſery! Under what ſtrange Enchantments am I bound? Could he be yet a thouſand times more Impious, I could not chuſe but love his Perſon ſtill.

Jacom. Be not ſo paſſionate; if you could be diſcreet, and love your ſelf, I'de put you in a way to eaſe your Grief now, and all your Cares hereafter.

Leon. If you can now eaſe an afflicted Woman, who elſe muſt ſhortly rid her ſelf of Life, imploy your Charity: 'twas never plac'd yet on a Wretch needed it more than I.

Jacom. If Loyalty in a Lover be a Jewel! ſay no more, I can tell you where you may have it———

Leon. Speak not of Truth in Man, it is impoſſible.

Jacom. Pardon me, I ſpeak on my own knowledge.

Leon. Is your Maſter true then? and have you happily deceiv'd me? Speak.

Jacom. As true as all the Power of Hell can make him.

Leon. If he be falſe, let all the World be ſo.

Jacom. There's another-gueſs Man than he, Madam.

Leon. Another! Who can that be?

No,

No, no, there's no truth found in the Sex. [*Aside.*

Jacom. He is a civil virtuous and diſcreet ſober perſon.

Leon. Can there be ſuch a Man? What does he mean?

Jacom. There is, Madam, a Man of goodly Preſence too——— ſomething inclining to be fat, of a round plump Face, with quick and ſparkling Eyes, and Mouth of cheerful overture——— His Noſe, which is the only fault, is ſomewhat ſhort, but that's no matter; His Hair and Eye-brows black, and ſo forth.

Leon. How, he may perhaps be brib'd by ſome other Man, and what he ſaid of his Maſter may be falſe.

Jacom. How She ſurveys me! Fa-la-la. [*Sings and ſtruts about.*

Leon. Who is this you ſpeak of?

Jacom. A Man, who, Envy muſt confeſs, has excellent parts, but thoſe are Gifts, Gifts———meer Gifts———Thanks be to Heav'n for them.

Leon. But ſhall I never know his Name?

Jacom. He's one, whom many Ladies have Honour'd with their Affection; but no more of that: They have met diſdain, and ſo forth. But he'll be content to Marry you: Fa-la-la la. [*Sings.*

Leon. Again I ask you who he is?

Jocom. Lord, how inapprehenſive ſhe is? Can you not gueſs?

Leon. No.

Jacom. Your humble Servant, Madam.

Leon. Yours, Sir.

Jacom. It is my Self in perſon; and upon my Honour, I will be true and conſtant to you.

Leon. Inſolent Varlet! Am I fal'n ſo low to be thy ſcorn?

Jacom. Scorn! As I am a Chriſtian Soul, I am in earneſt.

Leon. Audacious Villain! Impudence it ſelf!

Jacom. Ah, Madam! your Servant, your true Lover muſt endure a thouſand ſuch bobs from his Miſtreſs; I can bear, Madam, I can.

Leon. Becauſe thy Maſter has betray'd me, am I become ſo infamous?

Jacom. 'Tis ſomething hard, Madam, to preſerve a good reputation in his company; I can ſcarce do't my ſelf.

Leon. Am I ſo miſerable to deſcend to his Man?

Jacom. Deſcend, ſay you: Ha, ha, ha!

Leon. Now I perceive all's falſe which you have ſaid of him. Farewel, you baſe ingrateful Fellow.

Jacom. Hold, Madam, come in the Morning and I will place you in the next room, where you ſhall over-hear our Diſcourſe. You'll ſoon diſcover the miſtake, and find who 'tis that loves you. Retire, Madam, I hear ſome body coming. [*Exeunt* Jacomo, Leonora.

Enter Don John *in the Street.*

D. *John.* Let me ſee, here lives a Lady: I have ſeen Don *Octavio* haunting about this Houſe, and making private ſigns to her. I never ſaw her Face, but am reſolv'd to enjoy her, becauſe he likes her; beſides ſhe's a Woman.

Enter Antonio.

Antonio, Welcome to our place of Rendezvous. Well, what Game? What Adventure!

Enter

Enter Lopez.

Come, dear *Lopez*.

Anto. I have had a rare Adventure.

Lop. What, dear *Antonio*?

Anto. I ſaw at a *Villa* not far off, a grave mighty bearded Fool, drinking *Leomanado* with his Miſtreſs; I miſlik'd his Face, pluck'd him by the Whiskers, pull'd all one ſide of his Beard off, fought with him, run him through the Thigh, carry'd away his Miſtreſs, ſerv'd her in her kind, and then let her go.

D. *John.* Gallantly perform'd, like a brave Soldier in an Enemies Country: When they will not pay Contribution, you fight for Forage.

D. *Lop.* Pox on't I have been damnably unfortunate; I have neither beat Man, nor lain with Woman to Night, but fal'n in Love moſt furiouſly: I dogg'd my new Miſtreſs to her Lodging; ſhe's Don *Bernardo*'s Siſter, and ſhall be my Punk.

D. *John.* I could meet with no willing Dame, but was fain to commit a Rape to paſs away the time.

D. *Anto.* Oh! A Rape is the joy of my heart; I love a Rape, upon my *Clavis*, exceedingly.

D. *John.* But mine, my Lads, was ſuch a Rape, it ought to be Regiſtred; a Noble and Heroick Rape.

D. *Lop.* Ah! dear Don *John!*

D. *Anto.* How was it?

D. *John.* 'Twas in a Church, Boys.

D. *Anto.* Ah! Gallant Leader!

D. *Lop.* Renown'd Don *John!*

D. *Anto.* Come, let's retire, you have done enough for once.

D. *John.* Not yet, *Antonio*, I have an Intrigue here.

Enter Fidlers.

Here are my Fidlers. Rank your ſelves cloſe under this Window, and ſing the Song I prepar'd.

SONG.

THou joy of all Hearts, and delight of all Eyes,
Nature's chief Treaſure, and Beauty's chief Prize,
Look down, you'll diſcover,
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover;
With a Heart full as true,
As e're languiſh'd for you;
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.

The Heart that was once a Monarch in's Breaſt,
Is now your poor Captive, and can have no reſt;
'Twill never give over,
But about your ſweet Boſom will hover.
Dear Miſs, let it in,
By Heav'n 'tis no Sin;
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.

D. *John.*

D. *John.* Now Fidlers be gone.

[*Window opens,* Maria *looks out, and flings a Paper down.*

Mar. Retire, my dear *Octavio*; read that Note. Adieu. [*Exit* Maria.

D. *John.* Good, she takes me for *Octavio.* I warrant you, Boys, I shall succeed in this Adventure. Now my false light assist me. [*Reads by a dark Lanthorn.*

Reads. { *Go from this Window, within eight Minutes you shall be admitted to the Garden Door. You know the Sign.*

Ha! the Sign, Gad she lies, I know not the Sign.

D. *Anto.* What will you do? you know not the Sign. Let's away, and be contented this Night.

D. *John.* My Friends, if you love me, retire: I'll venture, though Thunderbolts should fall upon my Head.

D. *Lop.* Are you mad? as soon as she discovers the deceit, she'll raise the House upon you, and you'll be Murder'd.

D. *John.* She'll not raise the House for her own sake, but rather grant me all I ask to keep her Counsel.

D. *Anto.* 'Tis very dangerous: be careful of your self.

D. *John.* The more danger the more delight: I hate the common road of Pleasure. What! Can I fear at such a time as this! the Cowardly Deer are valiant in their Rutting time. I say be gone——

D. *Anto.* We'll not dispute your Commands. Good luck to you.

Exeunt Antonio, Lopez.

D. *John.* How shall I know this devilish Sign?

Enter Octavio *with* Fidlers, *and stands under* Maria's *Window.*

Ha! Whom have we here? Some Serenading Coxcomb. Now shall we have some damn'd Song or other, a *Cloris*, or a *Phillis* at least.

SONG.

Cloris. *WHen you dispersе your Influence,*
Your dazling Beams are quick and clear,
You so surprize and wound the Sense,
So bright a Miracle y' appear.
Admiring Mortals you astonish so,
No other Deity they know,
But think that all Divinity's below——

One charming look, from your illustrious Face,
Were able to subdue Mankind,
So sweet, so powerful a Grace,
Makes all Men lovers but the blind:
Nor can they freedom by resistance gain,
For each embraces the soft Chain,
And never struggles with the pleasant pain.

Oct.

Octa. Be gone ! Be gone ! The Window opens.

D. *John.* 'Sdeath ! This is *Octavio.* I muſt diſpatch him, or he'll ſpoil all ; but I would fain hear the Sign firſt.

Mar. What ſtrange miſtake is this? Sure he did not receive my Note, and then I am ruin'd !

Octa. She expects the Sign : Where's my Whiſtle ? O here. [*Whiſtles.*

D. *John.* I have found it, that muſt be the Sign———

Mar. I dare not ſpeak aloud, go to the Garden Door.

[*Don* John *ruſhes upon* Octavio, *and ſnatches the Whiſtle out of his hand.*

Octa. 'Sdeath, what Ruffin's this ?

D. *John.* One that will be ſure to cut your Throat.

Octa. Make not a promiſe to your ſelf of what you can't perform [*Fights.*

D. *John.* I warrant you : Have at you.

Mar. O Heav'n ! *Octavio*'s Fighting. Oh my Heart !

Octa. Oh ! I am ſlain—— [*Falls.*

D. *John.* I knew I ſhould be as good as my word. I think you have it, Sir—Ha !——he's dying——Now for the Lady——I'll draw him farther off, that his groans may not diſturb our pleaſure — Stay——by your leave, Sir, I'll change Hat and Cloak with you, it may help me in my deſign.

Octa. O barbarous Villain ! [*Dies.*

Mar. They have done fighting, and I hear no noiſe. Oh unfortunate Woman ! My dear *Octavio*'s kill'd———

Flora. Perhaps, Madam, he has kill'd the other. I'll down to the Garden Door ; if he be well, he'll come thither, as well to ſatisfy his appointment, as to take refuge. Your Brother's ſafe, he may come in ſecurely-- [*Ex. to the Door.*

Mar. Haſte ! Haſte ! Fly ! Fly ! Oh *Octavio.* I'll follow her. [*She follows.*

D. *John.* Now for the Garden Door. This Whiſtle will do me excellent Service. Now good luck—— [*Goes to the Door and Whiſtles.*

Flora. Octavio ?

D. *John.* The ſame.

Flora. Heav'n be prais'd, my Lady thought you had been kill'd.

D. *John.* I am unhurt : Let's quickly to her.

Flora. Oh ! She'll be overjoy'd to ſee you alive.

D. *John.* I'll make her more overjoy'd before I have done with her. This is a rare Adventure. [*Aſide.*

Enter Maria *at the Door.*

Flora. Here's your Jewel, Madam, ſpeak ſoftly.

Mar. Oh my dear *Octavio !* have I got you within theſe Arms ?

D. *John.* Ay, my Dear, unpierc'd by any thing but by your Eyes.

Mar. Thoſe will do you no hurt. But are you ſure you are not wounded ?

D. *John.* I am: Let me embrace my pretty Dear : And yet ſhe may be a Blackamore for ought I know——— [*Aſide.*

Mar. We'll retire to my Chamber. *Flora*, go out, and prepare us a Collation.

D. *John.* O Admirable Adventure ! Come, my Delight. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Lopez, Antonio, Jacomo.

Jacom. Where's my pious Maſter ?

D. *Anto.* We left him hereabouts. I wonder what he has done in his

Adventure: I believe he has had ſome buſtle.

D. *Lop.* I thought I heard fighting hereabout.

Jacom. Gad forgive me! fighting! where! where.

D. *Ant.* O thou incorrigible Coward!

D. *Lop.* See, here's ſome of his handy-work; here's a Man kill'd.

Jacom. Another Murder. Heav'n, what will become of me? I ſhall be hang'd, yet dare not run away from him.

Enter an Officer *with a Guard, going the Round.*

Officer. Stand! who are there?

D. *Lop.* We do ſtand, Raſcal, we never uſe to run.

Jacom. Now I ſhall be taken, hang'd for my Maſter's Murder. [*Offers to run.*

D. *Ant.* Stand, you Dog! offer once more to run, and I'll put Bilbo in your Guts.

Jacom. Gad forgive me! what will become of me?

Officer. What's here! A Man murder'd? Yield, you are my priſoners.

Jacom. With all my heart! But as I hope to be ſaved, we did not kill him, Sir.

Officer. Theſe muſt be the Murderers, diſarm 'em.

D. *Ant.* How now, Raſcal! diſarm us!

D. *Lop.* We are not us'd to part with our Swords.

Jacom. I care not a farthing for my Sword, 'tis at your Service.

D. *Anto.* Do you hear, Raſcal; keep it, and fight; or I'll ſwear the Murder againſt you.

D. *Lop.* Offer to flinch, and I'll run you through.

Officer. Take their Swords, or knock 'em down.

[*They Fight*: Jacomo *offers to run, ſome of the Guards ſtop him.*

Jacom. A pox on't, I had as good fight and die, as be taken and be hang'd. [*Guards are beaten off.*

D. *Lop.* Are you gone, you Dogs? I have pinch'd ſome of you.

Jacom. Ah Rogues! Villains! I have met with you.

D. *Anto.* O brave *Jacomo*! you fought like an impriſon'd Rat: The Rogue had conceal'd Courage, and did not know it.

Jacom. O Cowards! Raſcals! a Man can get no honour by fighting with ſuch Poletroons! but for all that, I will prudently withdraw, this place will ſuddenly be too hot for us.

D. *Lop.* Once in your Life you are in the right, *Jacomo.*

Jacom. O good Sir, there is as much to be aſcribed to Conduct, as to Courage, I aſſure you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don John *and* Maria *in her Chamber.*

Mar. Speak ſoftly, my dear; ſhould my Brother hear us, we are ruin'd.

D. *John.* Though I can ſcarce contain my Joy, I will. O ſhe's a rare Creature in the dark, pray Heav'n ſhe be ſo in the light. [*Aſide.*

Enter Flora *with a Candle; as ſoon as they diſcover Don* John, *they ſhriek out.*

Mar. O Heaven! I am ruin'd and betray'd.

Flora. He has *Octavio*'s clothes on.

Mar. O he has murder'd him. My Brother ſhall revenge it.

D. *John.* I will cut his Throat if he offers it.

Mar. } Thieves! Murder! Murder! Thieves! D. *John.*
Floria. }

D. *John.* I will ſtop your ſhrill Wind-pipes.

Enter Maria's *Brother, with his Sword drawn.*

Broth. 'Sdeath! a man in my Siſter's Chamber!
Have at you, Villain.

D. *John.* Come on, Villain. [*Don* John *kills the Brother.*

Flora. Murder! Murder!

Mar. O Villain, thou haſt kill'd my Brother, and diſhonour'd me.

Enter five or ſix Servants, with drawn Swords.

O your Maſter's Murdered!

D. *John.* So many of you; 'tis no matter: Your Heroes in Plays beat five times as many. Have at you, Rogues.

[Maria *runs away ſhrieking, and Don* John *beats the Servants off, and ſtops* Flora.
Now give me the Key of the Garden, or I'll murder thee.

Flora. Murder! Murder! There, take it—— [*She runs away.*

D. *John.* So, thus far it is well; this was a brave adventure.
'Mongſt all the Joys which in the World are ſought,
None are ſo great as thoſe by dangers bought. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Jacomo *Solus.*

Jacom. WHat will this leud Maſter of mine do? This Town of *Sevil* will not much care for his Company after his laſt nights Atchievments: He muſt either fly, or hang for't. Ha! me-thinks my Blood grows chill at the naming of that dreadful word, Hang. What will become of me? I dare not leave him, and yet I fear that I ſhall periſh with him. He's certainly the firſt that ever ſet up a Religion to the Devil.

Enter Leonora.

Leon. I come to claim your promiſe; is Don *John* within?

Jacom. No, Madam, but I expect him every Minute. You ſee, Madam, what honour I have for you, for I venture my Ears to do this.

Leon. You oblige me extreamly; ſo great is the preſent pain of doubt, that we deſire to loſe it: though in exchange of certainty, that muſt afflict us more.

Jacom. I hear him coming, withdraw quickly. *She withdraws.*

Enter Don John.

D. *John.* How now, Sir, what wiſe thoughts have you in your Noddle?

Jacom. Why, Sir, I was conſidering how well I could endure to be hang'd.

D. *John.* And why ſo, buffle?

Jacom. Why you will force me to wait upon you in all your fortunes, and you are making what haſte you can to the Gallows——

D. *John.* Again at your Reproofs. You inſipid Raſcal, I ſhall cut your Ears off, Dog——

Jacom. Good Sir, I have done; yet I cannot but admire, ſince you are reſolv'd to go to the Devil, that you cannot be content with the common way of travelling, but muſt ride Poſt to him.

D. *John.* Leave of your idle tales, found out by Prieſts to keep the Rabble in awe.

Jacom. O horrid wickedneſs! If I may be bold to ask, what noble exploits did your Chivalry perform laſt night?

D. *John.* Why, Sir, I committed a Rape upon my Father's Monument.

Jacom. Oh horror!

D. *John.* Do you ſtart, you Villain? Hah!

Jacom. I, Sir, who I, Sir? Not I, Sir.

D. *John.* D'hear, Raſcal, let me not ſee a frown upon your Face; if I do, I will cut your throat, you Rogue.

Jacom. No, Sir, no, Sir, I warrant you; I am in a very good humor, I aſſure you——Heaven deliver me!

D *John.* Now liſten and learn. I kill'd a Lady's Lover, and ſuppli'd his place, by Stratagem enjoy'd her: In came her fooliſh Brother and ſurprized me, but periſhed by my hand; and I doubt not but I maul'd three or four of his Servants. [Jacomo *ſtarts.*

Jacom. Oh horrid fact! [*Aſide.*

D. *John.* Again, Villain, are you frowning?

Jacom. No, Sir, no, Sir; don't think ſo ill of me, Sir. Heav'n ſend me from this wicked Wretch! What will become of us, Sir? we ſhall be apprehended.

D. *John.* Can you fear your Raſcally Carcaſe, when I venture mine? I obſerve always, thoſe that have the moſt deſpicable perſons, are moſt careful to preſerve 'em.

Jacom. Sir, I beg your pardon; but I have an odd humor, makes me ſomething unfit for your Worſhip's Service.

D. *John.* What's that, Sirra?

Jacom. 'Tis a very odd one, I am almoſt aſham'd to tell it to you.

D. *John.* Out with it, Fool——

Jacom. Why Sir, I cannot tell what is the reaſon, but I have a much unconquerable antipathy to Hemp. I could never endure a Bell-rope. Hanging is a kind of death I cannot abide; I am not able to endure it.

D. *John.* I have taken care to avoid that; my Friends are gone to hire a Veſſel, and we'll to Sea together to ſeek a Refuge, and a new Scene of pleaſure.

Jacom. All three, Sir?

D. *John.* Yes, Sir.——

Jacom. Three as civil diſcreet ſober perſons, as a Man wou'd wiſh to drink with.

Enter Leonora.

Leon. I can hold no longer!

D. *John.* 'Sdeath, you Dog, how came ſhe here?

Jacom. I don't know, Sir, ſhe ſtole in——

Leon. What Witchcraft do I ſuffer under, that when I abhor his vices, I ſtill love his perſon. Ah, Don *John!* have I deſerv'd that you ſhould fly me? Are all your Oaths and Vows forgotten by you?

D. *John.* No, no, in theſe caſes I always remember my Oaths, and never forget to break them.

Leon.

Leon. Oh Impiety!
Did I, for this, yield up my Honour to you? after you had ſigh'd and languiſhed many months, and ſhew'd all ſigns of a ſincere affection, I truſted in your truth and conſtancy, without the Bond of Marriage, yielded up a Virgin's Treaſure, all my Innocence, believed your ſolemn Contract, when you invok'd all the Powers above to teſtify your Vows.

D. *John.* They think much of us, why don't they witneſs 'em for you—— Piſh, it's nothing but a way of ſpeaking, which young amorous Fellows have gotten.

Leon. Did you not love me then? What injury had I e're done you, that you ſhou'd feign Affection to betray me?

D. *John.* Yes 'faith, I did love you, and ſhew'd you as frequent and as hearty ſigns of it as I could; and i'gad y'are an ungrateful Woman if you ſay the contrary.

Leon. O Heav'n! did you and do not now? What crime have I committed that could make you break your Vows and Oaths, and baniſh all your Paſſion? Ah! with what tenderneſs have I receiv'd your feign'd Affection, and n'er thought I liv'd but in your Preſence; my Love was too fervent to be counterfeit——

D. *John.* That I know not, for ſince your Sex are ſuch Diſſemblers, they can hold out againſt, and ſeem to hate the Men they love; Why may they not ſeem to love the Men they hate?

Leon. O cruel Man! could I diſſemble? had I a thouſand Lives, I ventur'd all each time I ſaw your Face; nay, were I now diſcover'd, I ſhould inſtantly be ſacrific'd to my raging Brother's fury; and can I diſſemble?

D. *John.* I do not know whether you do or no; you ſee I don't, I am ſomething free with you.

Leon. And do you not love me then?

D. *John.* Faith, Madam, I lov'd you as long as I could for the Heart and Bloud of me, and there's an end of it; what a Devil wou'd you have more?

Leon. O cruel Man! how miſerable have you made me!

D. *John.* Miſerable! uſe variety as I do, and you'll not be miſerable. Ah! there's nothing ſo ſweet to frail human fleſh as variety.

Leon. Inhumane Creature! what have I been guilty of, that thou ſhouldſt thus remove thy Affections from me?

D. *John.* Guilty, no: But I have had enough of you, and I have done what I can for you, and there's no more to be ſaid.

Leon. Tigers would have more pity than thou haſt.

D. *John.* Unreaſonable Woman! would you have a Man love after Enjoyment? I think the Devil's in you——

Leon. Do you upbraid me with the raſh effects of Love, which you caus'd in me? and do you hate me for what you ought to love me for? were you not many Months with Vows and Oaths betraying me to that weakneſs? Ungrateful Monſter!

D. *John.* Why the Devil did you not yield before: you Women always rook in Love; you'll never play upon the ſquare with us.

Leon. Falſe Man! I yielded but too ſoon. Unfortunate Woman!

D. *John.*

D. *John.* Your diſſembling Arts and Jilting Tricks, taught you by your Mothers, and the phlegmatick coldneſs of your Conſtitutions, make you ſo long in yielding; that we love out almoſt all our Love before you begin, and yet you would have our Love laſt as long as yours. I got the ſtart of you a long way, and have reaſon to reach the Goal before you.

Leon. Did you not ſwear you wou'd for ever love me?

D. *John.* Why there 'tis; why did you put me to the trouble to ſwear it? If you Women wou'd be honeſt, and follow the Dictates of Senſe and Nature, we ſhou'd agree about the buſineſs preſently, and never be forſworn for the matter.

Leon. Are Oaths ſo ſlighted by you, perfidious Man!

D. *John.* Oaths! Snares to catch conceited Women with; I wou'd have ſworn all the Oaths under the Sun; why I wou'd have committed Treaſon for you, and yet I knew I ſhould be weary of you———

Leon. I thought ſuch Love as mine might have deſerv'd your conſtancy, falſe and ungrateful Man!

D. *John.* Thus your own vanity, not we betray you. Each Woman thinks, though Men are falſe to others, that ſhe is ſo fine a perſon, none can be ſo to her. You ſhou'd not take our words of courſe in earneſt.

Leon. Thus Devils do in Hell, who cruelly upbraid whom they have tempted thither.

D. *John.* In ſhort, my Conſtitution will not let me love you longer: and whatever ſome Hypocrites pretend, all Mankind obey their Conſtitutions, and cannot do otherwiſe———

Leon. Heav'n, ſure, will puniſh this vile Treachery.

D. *John.* Do you then leave it to Heav'n, and trouble your ſelf no further about it.

Leon. Ye ſacred Pow'rs, who take care of injur'd Innocence, aſſiſt me.

Enter Jacomo.

Jacom. Sir, Sir! Stand upon your Guard.

D. *John.* How now! What's the matter?

Jacom. Here's a whole Batallion of couragious Women come to charge you.

Enter Six Women.

D. *John.* Keep 'em out, you ſwine.

Jacom. I cannot, they over-run me.

D. *John.* What an inundation of Strumpets is here?

Leon. O Heav'n! I can ſtay no longer to be a witneſs of his Falſhood——

[*Exit* Leonora.

1. *Wom.* My Dear, I deſire a word in private with you.

D. *John.* 'Faith my Dear, I am ſomething buſy, but I love thee dearly. A pox on thee! [*Aſide.*

2. *Wom.* Don *John*, a word: 'tis time now we ſhould declare our Marriage; 'tis now above three weeks.

D. *John.* Ay, we will do it ſuddenly———

3. *Wom.* Prithee, Honey, what bus'neſs can theſe idle Women have? ſend them packing, that we may confer about our Affairs.

4. *Wom.* Lord! How am I amaz'd at the confidence of ſome Women! Who

Who are theſe that will not let one converſe with one's own Husband? By your leave, Ladies.

Jacom. Now it works! teeze him, Ladies, worry him ſoundly———

5. *Wom.* Nay, by your leave, good Madam; if you go to that.

[*Pulls Don* John *from the other.*

6. *Wom.* Ladies, by all your leaves; ſure none of you will have the confidence to pretend an Intereſt in this Gentleman———

D. *John.* I ſhall be torn in pieces: *Jacomo*, ſtand by me.

1. *Wom.* Lord, Madam, what's your meaning? none ought to claim a right to another Woman's Husband, let me tell you that.

2. *Wom.* You are in the right, Madam. Therefore prithee Dear, let's withdraw, and leave them; I do not like their company.

D. *John.* Ay, preſently, my Dear. What an excellent thing is a Woman before Enjoyment, and how inſipid after it!

4. *Wom.* Come, prithee, put theſe Women out of doubt, and let them know our Marriage.

D. *John.* To Morrow we'll declare and celebrate our Nuptials.

6. *Wom.* Ladies, the ſhort and the long on't is, you are very uncivil to preſs upon this Gentleman. Come, Love, e'en tell 'em the truth of the Story——

4. *Wom.* Uncivil, Madam, pardon me; one cannot be ſo in ſpeaking to one's own.

3. *Wom.* That's true; ſhe little thinks who that is.

6. *Wom.* To their own! Ha, ha, ha, that's true——Come, Honey, keep 'em no longer in Ignorance.

4. *Wom.* Come, Ladies, I will undeceive you all; think no further of this Gentleman, I ſay, think no farther of him——

1. *Wom.* What can this mean?

D. *John.* Hold, for Heav'ns ſake; you know not what you do.

4. *Wom.* Yes, yes, I do; it ſhall all out: I'll ſend 'em away with Fleas in their Ears. Poor ſilly Creatures!

D. *John.* Now will civil Wars ariſe——

4. *Wom.* Trouble your ſelves no longer about Don *John*, he is mine——he is mine, Ladies.

All. Yours!——

D. *John.* Pox on't, I muſt ſet a good Face upon the buſineſs; I ſee Murther will out——

6. *Wom.* Your's, that's pleaſant; he's mine——

5. *Wom.* I have been too long patient; he is my Husband.

1. *Wom.* Yours, How can that be? I am ſure I am his Wife.

3. *Wom.* Are you not aſham'd, Ladies, to claim my Husband?

2. *Wom.* Are you all mad? I am ſure I am marry'd to him.

All. You!

D. *John.* Look you, Ladies, a Man's but a Man: here's my Body, tak't among you as far as 'twill go. The Devil can't pleaſe you all——

Jacom. Pray Ladies, will you diſpatch; for there are a matter of fifteen more that are ready to put in their claims, and muſt be heard in their order—

D. *John.* How now, Rogue, this is your fault, Sirrah.

Jacom.

Jacom. My fault, Sir, no; the Ladies ſhall ſee I am no Traitor. Look you Ladies——

D. *John.* Peace, Villain, or I will cut your throat. Well, Ladies, know then, I am marry'd to one in this company; and to morrow morning, if you will repair to this place, I will declare my Marriage, which now for ſome ſecret Reaſons, I am oblig'd to conceal—— Now will each Strumpet think 'tis her I mean.

1. *Wom.* That's well enough.

4. *Wom.* I knew he would own me at laſt.

2. *Wom.* Now they will ſoon ſee their errors.

5. *Wom.* Now we'll conceal it no longer, Deareſt.

D. *John.* No, no, I warrant you——

6. *Wom.* Lord how blank theſe Ladies will look.

2. *Wom.* Poor Ladies——

Jacom. Ladies, pray let me ask a queſtion, which of you is really marry'd to him?

Omnes. I, I, I.

D. *John.* 'Sdeath, you Son of a Baboon. Come, come, Pox on't, why ſhould I dally any longer! Why ſhould I conceal my good Actions! in one word, I am married to every one of you, and have above fourſcore more; nor will I ever give over, till I have as many Wives and Concubines as the Grand *Seignior*.

Jacom. A very modeſt civil Perſon truly——

4. *Wom.* O horrid Villain!

6. *Wom.* Perfidious Monſter!

Enter Don Lopez, *and Don* Antonio.

D. *Anto.* How now, Don *John*; Hah! you are a ravenous Bird of prey indeed; do you fly at no leſs than a whole Covee of Whores at once? you ſcorn a ſingle Strumpet for your Quarry.

D *Lop.* What, in Tears too! Fie, Don *John*; thou art the moſt ungenteel Knight alive: Uſe your Ladies civilly for ſhame.

D. *John.* Ay, before the Victory, I grant you; but after it, they ſhould wear Chains, and follow the Conqueror's Chariot.

D. *Lop.* Alas, poor Harlots!

D. *John.* Peace, peace, good words; theſe are certain Animals call'd Wives, and all of 'em are my Wives: do you call a Man of Honour's Wives Harlots? out on't.

1. *Wom.* Perfidious Monſter!

D. *Anto.* Excellent!

D. *John.* Come on, you are come very opportunely, to help to celebrate my ſeveral and reſpective Weddings. Come my dears; Faith we will have a Ballad at our Weddings. Where are my Fidlers?

6. *Wom.* O ſavage Beaſt!

4. *Wom.* Inhumane Villain! Revenge ſhall follow.

D. *John.* Pox on Revenge, call in my Minſtrils.

Enter Fidlers.

Come, Sing my *Epithalamium*.

SONG.

SONG.

SInce Liberty, Nature for all has design'd,
A pox on the Fool who to one is confin'd.
All Creatures beſides,
When they pleaſe change their Brides.
All Females they get when they can,
Whilſt they nothing but Nature obey,
How happy, how happy are they?
But the ſilly fond Animal, Man,
Makes laws 'gainſt himſelf, which his Appetites ſway;
Poor Fools, how unhappy are they?
Chor. *Since Liberty, Nature for all has deſign'd,*
A pox on the Fool who to one is confin'd.

At the firſt going down, a Woman is good,
But when e'er ſhe comes up, I'll ne'er chew the Cud,
But out ſhe ſhall go,
And I'll ſerve 'em all ſo.
When with one my Stomach is cloy'd,
Another ſhall ſoon be enjoy'd.
Then how happy, how happy are we?
Let the Coxcomb when weary, drudge on,
And fooliſhly ſtay when he wou'd fain be gone.
Poor Fool! How unhappy is he?
Chor. *At the firſt going down,* &c.

Let the Rabble obey, I'll live like a Man,
Who by Nature is free to enjoy all he can:
Wiſe Nature does Teach,
More truth than Fools Preach;
They bind us, but ſhe gives us eaſe;
I'll Revel, and Love where I pleaſe.
She, She's my infallible Guide.
But were the bleſs'd freedom deny'd,
Of variety in the things we love beſt,
Dull Man were the ſlaviſheſt Beaſt.
Chor. *Let the Rabble obey,* &c.

D. *John.* Come, how do you like this? Let's be merry, my Brides.

4. *Wom.* O monſtrous Traitor! do you mock our Miſery?

D. *John.* Good Spouſe, be not paſſionate—— faith we'll have a Dance. Strike up—— [*Dance.*

D. *Lop.* Be comforted, good Ladies; you have companions in your misfortunes——

D. *Anto.* He has been Marry'd in all the Cities of *Spain*: What a breed of Don John's ſhall we have?

D. *John.* Come, Sweet-hearts; you muſt be civil to theſe Gentlemen; they are my Friends, and Men of Honour.

6. *Wom.* Men of Honour! They are Devils if they be your Friends.

D. *John.* I hate unreaſonable, unconſcionable fellows, who when they are weary of their Wives, will ſtill keep 'em from other Men. Gentlemen, ye ſhall command mine.

4. *Wom.* Thinkeſt thou I will out-live this affront?

D. *John.* I'll truſt you for that, there's ne'er a *Lucrece* now-a-days, the Sex has learnt Wit ſince. Let me ſee, *Antonio*, thou ſhalt have for thy preſent uſe, let me ſee, my Sixth Wife—— 'faith ſhe's a pretty buxom Wench, and deſerves hearty uſage from thee.

6. *Wom.* Traitor, I'll be reveng'd on all thy Treachery.

Ant. A mettl'd Girl, I like her well: She'll endure a Rape gallantly. I love reſiſtance, it endears the pleaſure.

D. *Joh.* And *Lopez*, thou ſhalt have, let me ſee, ay, my Fourth Spouſe; She's a brave *Virago*; and Gad if I had not been ſomething familiar with her already, I would venture my Life for her.

4. *Wom.* Vile Wretch! Think'ſt thou I will out-live this affront? Impious Villain! Though thou haſt no Senſe of Virtue or Honour left, thou ſhalt find I have.

D. *Joh.* Virtue and Honour! There's nothing good or ill, but as it ſeems to each Man's natural Appetite, if they will conſent freely. You muſt raviſh, Friends: That's all I know, you muſt raviſh.

1. *Wom.* Unheard of Villany! Fly from this Helliſh place.

D. *Ant.* Ladies, you ſhall fly, but we muſt Raviſh firſt.

D. *Lop.* Yes, I aſſure you we muſt Raviſh——

4. *Wom.* No, Monſter, I'll prevent you. [*Stabs her ſelf.*

D. *Ant.* 'Sdeath, She's as good as her word. The firſt time I e'er knew a Woman ſo.

D. *Lop.* Pox on't, ſhe has prevented me; She's dead.

D. *Joh.* Say you ſo? well, go thy ways, thou wer't a Girl of pretty Parts, that's the Truth on't; but I ne'r thought this had been in thee.

2. *Wom.* Theſe, ſure, are Devils in the ſhape of Men.

D. *Joh.* Now ſee my Providence, if I had been Marri'd to none but her, I had been a Widower.

1. *Wom.* O Horror! Horror! Fly! Fly!

6 *Wom.* No, I'll be reveng'd firſt on this barbarous Wretch.

D. *John.* Why look you, here's a Wench of mettle for you; go raviſh quickly——

6. *Wom.* Let's fly, and call for help, ſome in the Street may help us—— [*They all run off, crying, Help, Murder, Murder.*

D. *Anto.* Let 'em go, they are confin'd, they can't get out.

D. *John.* It ſhall ne'er be ſaid that a Woman went out of this houſe *Reinfecta*; but after that, 'twill be time for to fly.

D. *Lop.* We have a hir'd Veſſel, the Maſter is a brave Rogue of my acquaintance; he has been a *Bandit*.

D. *Anto.* A brave honeſt wicked Fellow as heart can wiſh, I have raviſh'd, robbed,

robbed, and murdered with him,

D. *John.* That's well. Hey, where are my Rogues? Hey!

Enter Servant *and* Jacomo.

Here, Sirrah, do you ſend my Goods on Board?

D. *Anto.* My Man will direct you. [*Exit* Servant.

D. *John.* Come, Sirrah, do you remove this Body to another Room—

Jacom. Oh horrid fact! what, another Murder! what ſhall I do!

D. *John.* Leave your complaints, you Dog; I'll ſend you after her.

Jacom. Oh! I ſhall be hang'd, I ſhall be hang'd.

D. *John.* Take her up, Raſcal; or I'll cut your Throat.

Jacom. I will, Sir. Oh mercy upon me! I ſhall be hang'd———

D. *John.* Now, Sirrah, do you run into the ſtreets, and force in the next Woman you meet, or I'll cut your Wind-pipe; and let no Body out——

Jacom. What helliſh fact will he now commit.

D. *John.* Take her up, you hen hearted compaſſionate Raſcal.

Jacom. Heaven! what will become of me? Oh! Oh—— [*Carries her off.*

D. *John.* Now Gentlemen, you ſhall ſee I'll be civil to you, you ſhall not raviſh alone: Indeed I am loth to meddle with mine old acquaintance, but if my Man can meet with a Woman I have not lain withal, I'll keep you company; let her be old or young, ugly or handſome, no matter.

D. *Lop.* Faith I will ever ſay, you are a well bred Man.

D. *Anto.* A very civil perſon, a Man of Honour.

Enter Servant, *forcing in an ugly old* Woman, *who cries out.*

D. *John.* This unlucky Rogue has made but a ſcurvy choice, but I'll keep my word. Come, Bawd, you muſt be raviſhed, Bawd.

Old. Wom. O Murder! murder! help! help! I was never raviſh'd in my life.

D. *John.* That I dare ſwear; but to ſhew I am a very vigorous Man, I'll begin with you. But you Raſcal, Jaccal, I'll make you Cater better next time.

Serv. Indeed, Sir, this was the firſt I met.

D. *John.* Come on, Bedlam, thy Face ſhall not protect thee.

Old. Wom. Oh my Honour! my Honour! help, help, my Honour!

D. *John.* Come to our Buſineſs.

Enter Jacomo.

Jacom. O Sir! Sir! ſhift for your ſelf; we ſhall all be hang'd, the Houſe is beſet. Oh what ſhall we do?

D. *John.* Away, Coward: Were the King of *Spain*'s Army beleagu'ring us, it ſhould not divert me from this Exploit.

D. *Anto.* Nor me.

D. *Lop.* Nor me: Let's on.

D. *John.* Keep the doors faſt, Sirrah. Come on.

Jacom. Oh what will become of me! Oh Heav'n! mercy on me! Oh! Oh! [*Exeunt.*

In Man's Habit, enter Maria, *and her Maid* Flora.

Mar. Thus I have abandoned all my Fortune, and laid by my Sex.
Revenge for thee. Aſſiſt me now,
You Inſtruments of Blood, for my dear Brothers,
And for my much more dear *Octavio*'s ſake.

Where are my Bravo's? ——

Flora. They have beſet the Villains Houſe,
And he ſhall ne'er come out alive——

Maria. O let 'em ſhew no more remorſe,
Than hungry Lyons o'er their prey will.
How miſerable am I made by that
Inhumane Monſter! No ſavage Beaſt,
Wild deſerts e'er brought forth, provoked
By all its hunger, and its natural rage,
Could yet have been ſo cruel.
Oh my *Octavio*! whither art thou fled,
From the moſt loving and moſt wretched
Creature of her Sex? What Ages of delight
Each hour with thee brought forth!
How much, when I had thee, was all the World
Unenvied by me! Nay, I pityed all my Sex,
That cou'd have nothing worth their care,
Since all the treaſure of Mankind was mine.
Methought I cou'd look down on Queens, when he
Was with me: but now, compared to me,
How happy is the Wretched, whoſe ſinews
Crack upon the mercileſs Engine
Of his torture? I live with greater torments than he dies.

Flora. Leave your complaints. Tears are no Sacrifice for blood.

Maria. Now my juſt grief to juſt revenge give place
I am aſhamed of theſe ſoft Tears, till I've
Reveng'd thy horrid murder, Oh that I could
Make the Villain linger out an Age in
Torments! But I will revel in his Blood: Oh
I could ſuck the laſt drop that warms the
Monſters Heart, that might inſpire me with
Such cruelty, as vile man, with all his horrid
Arts of power, is yet a ſtranger to;
Then I might root out all his curſed Race.

Flora. I'll follow all your fortunes, my dear Lady;
Had I ten thouſand lives, in this cauſe I'd
Venture one by one to my laſt ſtake.

Maria. Thou art my dear and faithful Creature;
Let not thy Fortunes thus be wrack'd with mine.
Be gone, and leave thy moſt unhappy Miſtriſs;
One that has Miſeries enough to ſink the Sex.

Flora. I will not leave you till death takes me from you.

Maria. Oh that I had been ſome poor loſt Mountain Girl,
Nurs'd up by Goats, or ſuckl'd by wild Beaſts,
Expos'd to all the rage of heats and killing colds.
I ne'er cou'd have been abandon'd to ſuch fury.
More ſavage cruelty reigns in Cities,

Than

Than ever yet in Deſerts among the
Moſt venemous Serpents, and remorſleſs
Ravenous Beaſts, could once be found.
So much has barbarous Art debauched
Mans innocent Nature.

Flora. Lay by your tears, till your revenge be finiſhed;
Then, then you may have leiſure to complain.

Maria. I will, 'tis Blood I now muſt ſpill, or
Loſe my own in the attempt. But if I can
Have the fortune, with my own hand, to reach
The Dog's vile Heart: I then ſhall die
Contented, and in the other World I'll
Torture him ſo, Devils ſhall learn of me to
Uſe the damn'd.

Flora. Let's to our Sacred Inſtruments of revenge.

Maria. Come on: So juſt a cauſe would turn the
Vileſt Ruffian to a Saint. [*Exeunt.*

[Bravos *watch at Don* John's *Houſe.*

Maria *and* Flora *re-enter.*

Maria. Come, Friends, let once a Woman preach courage
To you, inſpired by my juſt rage, this Arm
Shall teach you Wonders. I'll ſhew you now
What Love with juſt Revenge can do.

1. *Brav.* We are ſo practiſed in the trade of death,
We need no teaching.

Maria. There's Gold good ſtore; if you diſpatch the Dog, I'll give you
Yet much more; if not,
If all the wealth I have can buy your lives,
I'll have 'em inſtead of his.

1. *Brav.* For half the Sum, I'd kill a Biſhop at the Altar. [*They retire.*

Enter Don John, *Don* Antonio, *Don* Lopez, Jacomo.

D. *John.* Now we have finiſhed our deſign, let's make a Sally, and raiſe the Siege.

D. *Anto. Jacomo*, do you lead the Van.

D. *Lop.* Lead on, *Jacomo*, or we are ſure to loſe you; you are not good at bringing up the Rear.

Jacom. Nay, good Gentlemen, I know my ſelf better than to take place of Men of Quality, eſpecially upon this occaſion.

D. *John.* Sirrah, go on: I'll prick him forward. Remember, if you do not fight, I am behind you.

Jacom. Oh Heaven! Oh *Jacomo*! what will become of thy dear perſon? Is this your Courage to put me forward, to what you dare not meet your ſelves.

D. *John.* No words, Rogue, on, on, I ſay——

Jacom. Oh I ſhall be murdered! murder'd! Oh! Oh!

D. *John.* On, on, you Dog.

Jacom. Inhumane Maſter! It muſt be ſo! Heaven have Mercy on my better part.

Enter

Enter Maria.

Maria. Fall on, fall on, that's the Villain! have at you, Dog——

D. *John.* Courage, *Jacomo.* [*They fight, and are driven off, but* Maria *and* Flora *remain.*

Jacom. Oh! Oh!

Maria. Oh Cowardly Villains! The Traitor will eſcape their hands. Oh Dogs! More feeble than the feebleſt of our Sex. Let's after him, and try our ſtrength.

Enter Don John.

He is return'd—— Fall on.

D. *John.* Ha? Muſt I encounter Boys?

Flora. Oh I am ſlain—— [*Kills* Flora.

Maria. At thy Heart, baſe Villain. D. John *diſarms* Maria.

D. *John.* There, take your Sword; I'll not nip Roguery in the bud; thou may'ſt live to be as wicked as my ſelf.

Maria. Poor *Flora!* but Dog, I'll be reveng'd on thee yet e're I die. [*Exit.*

Enter Don Lopez, *Don* Antonio, Jacomo.

Jacom. What! no Thanks! no Reward!

D. *John.* What's the matter, Sirrah?

Jacom. What, no Acknowledgment? you are but an ungrateful Man, let me tell you that, to treat a Man of my Proweſs thus.

D. *John.* What has your valour done?

Jacom. Nothing, nothing; ſav'd your life only, that's all: But Men of Valour are nothing now a-days. 'Tis an ungrateful Age. I fought like a Heroe——

D. *Anto.* Call'd a Stag at Bay.

D. *Lop.* You can fight, when there's no way of eſcape, without it.

Jacom. Oh! What's here! Another Murder! Fly, fly; we ſhall be hang'd.

D. *John.* Come on! Let's now to Sea, to try our Fortunes.

Jacom. Ay, make haſte; I've laid Horſes, and will ſhift by Land. Farewel, Sir; a good Voyage——

D. *John.* I will Murder you, if you refuſe to go to Sea——

Jacom. O good Sir, conſider, do but conſider; I am ſo Sea ſick always: that wicked Element does not agree with me.

D. *John.* Dare you diſpute! Go on, I ſay.

Jacom. O good Sir, think, think a little; the mercileſs Waves will never conſider a Man of parts: Beſides, Sir, I can Swim no more than I can fly.

D. *John.* I'll leave you dead upon the place, if you refuſe.

Jacom. O Sir, on my Knees I beg you'll let me ſtay. I am the laſt of all my Family; my Race will fall, if I ſhould fail.

D. *John.* Damn your Race——

D. *Anto.* Do not we venture with you?

Jacom. You have nothing but your Lives to venture, but I have a whole Family to ſave; I think upon Poſterity. Beſides, Gentlemen, I can look for no ſafety in ſuch Wicked company.

D. *John.* I'll kill the Villain. His fear will elſe betray us.

Jacom. O hold! hold! For Heavens ſake hold——

[*Ghoſt.*

[*Ghoſt of Don* John's *Father riſes.*

Ghoſt. Hold! hold!

Jacom. Ay, hold, hold. Oh Heav'n! your Father's Ghoſt; a Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! Oh! Oh! [*Falls down and roars.*

D. *John.* 'Sdeath! What's here? my Father alive?

Ghoſt. No, no; Inhumane Murderer, I am dead.

D. *John.* That's well; I was afraid the old Gentleman had come for his Eſtate again; if you wou'd have that, 'tis too late; 'tis ſpent——

Ghoſt. Monſter! behold theſe wounds.

D. *John.* I do; they were well meant, and well perform'd, I ſee.

D. *Anto.* This is ſtrange! How I am amaz'd!

D. *Lop.* Unheard of Wonder!——

Ghoſt. Repent, repent of all thy Villanies;
My clamorous Blood to Heav'n for vengeance cries.
Heav'n will pour out his Judgments on you all;
Hell gapes for you, for you each Fiend does call,
And hourly waits your unrepenting Fall.
You with Eternal Horrors they'll torment,
Except of all your Crimes you ſuddenly repent. [*Ghoſt ſinks.*

Jacom. Oh! Oh! Heav'n deliver me from theſe Monſters.

D. *John.* Farewel, thou art a fooliſh Ghoſt; Repent, quoth he! What could this mean? Our Senſes are all in a Miſt ſure.

D. *Anto.* They are not, 'twas a Ghoſt.

D. *Lop.* I ne'er believ'd thoſe fooliſh Tales before.

D. *John.* Come, 'tis no matter; let it be what it will, it muſt be natural——

D. *Anto.* And Nature is unalterable in us too.

D. *John.* 'Tis true, the Nature of a Ghoſt cannot change ours.

D. *Lop.* It was a ſilly Ghoſt, and I'll no ſooner take his word than a Whore's.

D. *John.* Thou art in the right. Come, Fool, Fool, riſe; the Ghoſt is gone.

Jacom. Oh! I die, I die; pray let me die in quiet.

D. *Anto.* Oh! If he be dying, take him up; we'll give him Burial in the Sea. Come on.

Jacom. Hold, hold, Gentlemen; Bury me not till I am dead, I beſeech you——

D. *John.* If you be not, Sirrah, I'll run you through.

Jacom. Hold, hold, Sir, I'll go, I'll go——

D. *Lop.* }
D. *Ant.* } Let's on.

D. *John.* Should all the Bugbears Cowards feign appear,
I would urge on without one thought of fear.

D. *Anto.* And I

D. *Lop.* And I——

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Don John, *Don* Lopez, *Don* Antonio, Jacomo, Captain *of the Ship*, Maſter *and* Sailors.

Maſter. MErcy upon us! What ſuddain dreadful Storm is this? We are all loſt; we ſhall ſplit upon the Rocks. Loof, Loof——

Jacom. Oh! Oh! Mercy! Oh I was afraid of this! See what your wickedneſs has brought me to? Mercy! Mercy!

D. *John.* Take away thy cowardly Face, it offends me, Raſcal.

Capt. Such dreadful claps of Thunder *I* never yet remember'd.

D. *John.* Let the Clouds roar on, and vomit all their Sulphur out, they ne'er ſhall fright me——

D. *Anto.* Theſe are the Squibs and Crackers of the Sky.

D. *Lop.* Fire on, Fire on; we are unmov'd.

Capt. The Heavens are all on fire; theſe unheard of Prodigies amaze me.

D. *John.* Can you that have ſtood ſo many Cannons, be frighted at the farting and belching of a Cloud?

Maſt. Bleſs me, Captain! Six of our Foremaſt-men are even now ſtruck dead with Lightning.

Sail. O that clap has rent our Maſts in funder.

Jacom. O we are loſt! You can Swim, Sir; pray ſave me, for my own and Families ſake——

D. *John.* Toſs theſe cowardly Rogues over-board. Captain, Courage! Let the Heavens do their worſt, 'tis but Drowning at laſt.

Jacom. But——in the name of Heav'n, but Drowning, quoth he; your Drowning will prepare you for Burning, though Oh, Oh, Oh.——

Sail. Captain, Captain, the Ship's on fire in the Fore-caſtle——

Capt. All hands to work upon the Forecaſtle. Heav'n! How it blazes already! —— [*Exit* Capt.

Jacom. Oh! Oh! We Burn, we Drown, We Sink, Oh! We Periſh, We are Loſt, We are Loſt. Oh, Oh, Oh.——

Maſt. O horrid Apparitions! Devils ſtand and guard the Fire, and will not ſuffer us to quench it. We are loſt.

Enter Captain.

Capt. In all the dangers I have been, ſuch horrors I never knew; I am quite unmann'd.

D. *Lop.* A Man and fear: 'tis but dying at laſt.

D. *John.* I never yet could know what that fooliſh thing Fear is.

Capt. Help, help, the Fire encreaſes. What horrid ſights are theſe? where e'er I turn, fearful Spirits appear. [*Exeunt* Captain *and* Sailors.

D. *John.* Let's into the Boat, and with our Swords keep out all others.

D. *Anto.* While they are buſy about the Fire we may 'ſcape.

D. *Lop.* If we get from hence, we certainly ſhall periſh on the Rocks—

D. *John.* I warrant you——

Jacom.

Jacom. O good Gentlemen, let us ſhift for our ſelves, and let the reſt Burn or Drown, and be damn'd and they will.

D. *John.* No, you have been often leaving me: Now ſhall be the time we'll part. Farewel.

Jacom. Oh! I'll ſtand by you while I live. Oh the Devil, the Devil! What horrors do I feel? Oh I am kill'd, I am dead!

[*A Thunder-clap ſtrikes Don* John, *and* Jacomo *down.*

D. *John.* 'Sdeath! why this to me? You paultry fooliſh Bugbear Thunder, Am I the mark of your ſenſleſs Rage?

D. *Lop.* Nothing but accident. Let's leap into the Boat.

D. *Anto.* The Sailors all make towards us; they'll in and ſink it.

D. *John.* Sirrah, if you come on, you run upon my Sword.

Jacom. O cruel Tyrant! I burn, I drown, I ſink! Oh I die, I am loſt.

Capt. All ſhift aboard; we periſh, we are loſt.

Maſt. All loſt, all loſt. [*A great ſhriek, they all leap over Board.*

Enter an Old Hermit.

Herm. This forty years I've liv'd in this neighb'ring Cave, and from theſe dreadful Cliffs which are always beaten by the foaming Surges of the Sea; beheld the Ocean in its wildeſt Rage, and ne'er yet ſaw a Storm ſo dreadful: ſuch horrid flaſhes of Lightning, and ſuch claps of Thunder, never were in my remembrance. Yon Ship is all on fire, and the poor miſerable Wretches muſt all periſh. The dreadful Object melts my Heart, and brings a flood of Tears into my Eyes: It is prodigious, for on the ſuddain, all the Heavens are clear again, and the inraged Sea is become more patient.

Enter Don Franciſco.

D. *Fran.* Oh Father, have you not been frighted at this prodigious Storm, and at yon dreadful Spectacle?

Herm. No Man that has an apprehenſion, but wou'd have been mov'd with horror.

D. *Fran.* 'Twas the moſt violent Tempeſt I ever ſaw. Hold, yonder are ſome coming in a ſmall Veſſel, and muſt neceſſarily ſplit upon the Rock; I'll go and help to ſuccour 'em.

Herm. Here are ſome this way, juſt come in a ſmall Boat:
Go you to thoſe, and theſe I will aſſiſt——

D. *Fran.* I'll haſte to their relief—— [*Exit Don* Franciſco.

Herm. Hah! theſe are come ſafe to Land, three Men, goodly Men they ſeem to be; I am bound in Charity to ſerve them: they come towards me.

Enter Don John, *Don* Antonio, *and Don* Lopez.

D. *John.* Much ado we are ſafe, but my Man's loſt; pox on him, I ſhall miſs the Fool, it was a neceſſary Blockhead.

D. *Anto.* But you have loſt your Goods, which were more neceſſary.

D. *Lop.* Our Jewels and Money we have all about us.

D. *John.* It makes me laugh to think, how the Fools we left behind were puzl'd which death to chuſe, Burning or Drowning——

D. *Anto.* But how ſhall we diſpoſe of our ſelves, we are plaguy Wet and Cold. Hah! What old Fool is that?

D. *Lop.* It is a Hermit, a fellow of mighty Beard and Sanctity.

D. *John.* I know not what Sanctity he may have, but he has Beard enough to make an Owl's Neſt, or ſtuff a Saddle with.

Herm. Gentlemen, I ſee you are Shipwrack'd, and in diſtreſs; and my Function obliges me in Charity, to ſuccour you in what I may.

D. *Anto.* Alas! What canſt thou help us to? Doſt thou know of ever a Houſe near hand, where we may be furniſhed with ſome neceſſaries?

Herm. On the other ſide of this vaſt Rock, there is a fertile and a pleaſant Valley, where one Don *Franciſco*, a rich and hoſpitable Man, has a ſweet dwelling; he will entertain you nobly: He's gone to aſſiſt ſome Shipwrack'd Perſons, and will be here preſently. In the mean time, what my poor Cave can afford, you ſhall be welcome to.

D. *Lop.* What can that afford? You oblige your ſelf to Faſting and Abſtinence——

Herm. I have ſtudied Phyſick for the relief of needy People, and I have ſome Cordials which will refreſh you; I'll bring one to you—— [*Exit* Hermit.

D. *John.* A good civil old Hypocrite: But this is a pleaſant kind of Religion, that obliges 'em to naſtineſs and want of meat. I'll ha' none on't ——

D. *Anto.* No, nor of any other, to my knowledge.

Enter Hermit *with a Cordial.*

Herm. Gentlemen, pray taſte of this Viol, it will comfort your cold Stomachs.

D. *John.* Ha! 'tis excellent 'faith. Let it go round.

Herm. Heav'n bleſs it to you.

D. *Lop.* Ha! It warms.

D. *Anto.* Thank thee, thou art a very honeſt old Fellow i'faith.

D. *John.* I ſee thou art very civil; but you muſt ſupply us with one neceſſary more; a very neceſſary thing, and very refreſhing.

Herm. What's that, Sir?

D. *John.* It is a Whore, a fine young buxom Whore.

D. *Ant.* } A Whore, old Man, a Whore.
D. *Lop.* }

Herm. Bleſs me, are you Men or Devils?

D. *John.* Men, Men, and Men of Luſt and Vigor. Prithee, old Sot, leave thy prating, and help me to a Strumpet, a fine ſalacious Strumpet, I know you Zealots have enough of 'em. Women love your godly Whore-maſters.

Herm. Oh Monſters of Impiety! Are you ſo lately ſcap'd the wrath of Heaven, thus to provoke it?

D. *Anto.* How! by following the Dictates of Nature, who can do otherwiſe?

D. *Lop.* All our Actions are neceſſitated, none command their own wills.

Herm. Oh horrid blaſphemy! would you lay your dreadful and unheard of vices upon Heaven? No, ill Men, that has given you free-will to good.

D. *John.* I find thou retir'ſt here, and never read'ſt or think'ſt.
Can that blind faculty the Will be free
When it depends upon the Underſtanding?
Which argues firſt before the Will can chuſe;
And the laſt dictates of the Judgment ſways
The Will; as in a Balance, the laſt Weight
Put in the ſcale, lifts up the other end,

And

And with the ſame Neceſſity.

Herm. But fooliſh men and ſinners act againſt
Their Underſtanding, which inform 'em better.

D. *Anto.* None willingly do any thing againſt the laſt
Dictates of their Judgments; whatſoe'er Men do,
Their preſent opinions lead 'em to.

D. *Lop.* As Fools that are afraid of Sin, are by the thought
Of preſent pleaſure, or ſome other reaſon,
Neceſſarily byaſs'd to purſue
The opinion they are in at that moment.

Herm. The Underſtanding yet is free, and might perſwade 'em better.

D. *John.* The Underſtanding never can be free;
For what we Underſtand, ſpite of our ſelves we do:
All Objects are ready form'd and plac'd
To our hands; and theſe the Senſes to the Mind convey,
And as thoſe repreſent them, this muſt judge:
How can the Will be free, when the Underſtanding,
On which the Will depends, cannot be ſo?

Herm. Lay by your deviliſh Philoſophy, and change the dangerous and deſtructive courſe of your leud Lives.

D. *Anto.* Change our natures: Go bid a Blackamore be white, we follow our Conſtitutions, which we did not give our ſelves.

D. *Lop.* What we are, we are by Nature, our reaſon tells us we muſt follow that.

D. *John.* Our Conſtitutions tell us one thing, and yours another; and which muſt we obey? If we be bad, 'tis Nature's fault that made us ſo.

Herm. Farewel: I dare no longer hear your impious diſcourſe. Such hardened Wretches I ne'er heard of yet. [*Exit* Hermit.

D. *Anto.* Farewel, old Fool.

D. *John.* Thus Sots condemn what they can never anſwer.

Enter Don Franciſco.

This I believe is *Franciſco*, whom he ſpoke of, if he has but a handſome Wife, or Daughters, we are happy.

D. *Lop.* Sir, we are ſhipwrack'd Men, and if you can direct us to a place, where we may be furniſhed with ſome neceſſaries, you will oblige us——

D. *Franc.* Gentlemen, I have a houſe hard by, you ſhall be welcome to it: I even now endeavoured to ſuccour a Youth and beauteous Woman who, with two Sailors in a Boat, were driven towards theſe Rocks, but were forced back again, and I fear, are loſt by this time. I deſire nothing more, than to aſſiſt Men in extremes, and am o'er joy'd at the opportunity of ſerving you.

D. *John.* We thank you.

D. *Franc.* You ſhall command my Houſe as long as you pleaſe: I ſee you are Cavaliers, and hope you will bear with ſome inconvenience. I have two young, and, though I ſay it, handſome Daughters, who are to morrow morning to be married; the Solemnity will bring much company together, which, I fear, may incommode my Houſe and you——

D. *Anto.* You poſe us with this kindneſs.

D. *John.* What ever pleaſes you, cannot be inconvenient to us.

D. *Lop.* On the contrary, we ſhall be glad to aſſiſt you at the Ceremony, and help to make up the joyful Chorus.

D. *Franc.* You ſhall command my Houſe and me;
I'll ſhew you the way to it.

D. *John.* Your humble Servant. We'll follow you. [*Exit Don* Franciſco.
This is an admirable adventure.
He has Daughters, Boys, and to be married too:
If they have been ſo fooliſh, to preſerve thoſe
Toys, they call Maidenheads; ther ſenſleſs
Husbands ſhall not be troubled with them:
I'll eaſe them of thoſe. Pox, what ſhould thoſe dull
Drudging Animals, call'd Husbands, do with ſuch Treaſures:
No, they are for honeſt Whore-maſters, Boys.

D. *Anto.* Well ſaid, Don; we will not be wanting in our endeavours to ſucceed you.

D. *Lop.* To you alone we muſt give place. Allons. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hermit, Maria *in Man's habit, and* Leonora.

Herm. Heaven be praiſed, you are ſafely now on Land.

Maria. We thank you, reverend Father, for your aſſiſtance.

Leon. We never ſhall forget the obligation.

Herm. I am happy to be ſo good an Inſtrument.

Leon. We followed a Veſſel, which we ſaw fired with Lightning, and we fear that none of 'em eſcaped.

Maria. I hope the Villain I purſue has 'ſcap'd: I would not be revenged by Heaven, but my own hand; or if not by that, by the Hang-man's.

Leon. Did any come to Land? For I moſt nearly am concern'd for one; the grief for whom, if he be loſt, will ſoon, I fear, deſtroy me.

Herm. Here were three of that company came ſafe to Land; but ſuch impious Wretches, as did not deſerve to eſcape, and ſuch as no vertuous perſon can be concerned for, ſure; I was ſtiff with fear and horrour when I heard 'em talk.

Maria. Three, ſay you?

Leon. By this ſad deſcription it muſt be Don *John*, and his two wicked Aſſociates; I am aſham'd to confeſs the tenderneſs I have for him. Why ſhould I Love that Wretch? Oh my too violent paſſion hurries me I know not whither! into what fearful dangerous Labyrinths of miſery will it conduct me?

Maria. Were they Gentlemen?

Herm. By their out-ſide they ſeem'd ſo, but their in-ſides declar'd them Devils.

Maria. Heaven! it muſt be the Villain and his barbarous
Companions. They are reſerved for my Revenge:
Aſſiſt me, Heaven, in that juſt cauſe.
Oh, Villain, Villain! Inhumane Villain!
Each minute is, me-thinks, a tedious Age,
Till I have dipt my hands in thy heart's blood.

Herm. You ſeem o'er-joy'd at the news of their ſafe arrival: Can any have a kindneſs for ſuch diſſolute abandon'd Atheiſts.

Maria. No, 'tis revenge that I purſue againſt the baſeſt of all Villains.

Herm. Have a care, Revenge is Heaven's; and muſt not be uſurped by Mortals.

Maria.

Maria. Mine is Revenge for Rapes and cruel Murders, and thoſe Heaven leaves to Earth to puniſh.

Herm. They are horrid crimes, but Magiſtrates muſt puniſh them.

Leon. What do I hear? were he the baſeſt of all Men, my Love is ſo headſtrong and ſo wild within me, I muſt endeavour to preſerve him, or deſtroy my ſelf: To what deplorable condition am I fall'n? what chains are theſe that hold me? Oh that I could break them! and yet I wou'd not if I cou'd! Oh my heart!

Herm. They are gone to one Don *Franciſco*'s houſe, that Road will bring you to it; 'tis on the other ſide of this Rock, in a pleaſant Valley. I have not ſtir'd theſe forty years from theſe ſmall bounds, or I wou'd give 'em notice what Devils he harbours in his houſe. You will do well to do it.

Jacom. [*Within.*] Help! help! murder! I am drown'd! I am dead! help! help!

Herm. Hah! what Voice is that? I muſt aſſiſt him———

Maria. Father, farewel. Come, Madam, will you go to this houſe? Now, Monſter, for my Revenge.

Leon. I will, but for different ends we go;
'Tis Love conducts me, but Revenge brings you. *Exeunt* Maria, Leonora.

Jacom. Oh! help, help! I ſink, I ſink!

Herm. Poor Man, ſure he is almoſt drown'd.

Jacom. No, not yet; I have only drunk ſomething too much of a ſcurvy unpleaſant Liquor.

Herm. Reach me your hand——— [*Pulls him out.*

Jacom. Ay, and my heart too; Oh! Oh!
Sir, a thouſand Thanks to you: I vow to Gad, y'are a very civil perſon, and as I am an honeſt Man, have done me the greateſt kindneſs in the World, next to the piece of the Maſt which I floated upon, which I muſt ever love and honour; I am ſorry it ſwam away, I wou'd have preſerv'd it, and hung it up in the ſeat of our ancient Family.

Herm. Thank Heaven for your deliverance, and leave ſuch vain Thoughts.

Jacom. I do with all my heart; but I am not ſettled enough to ſay my Prayers yet: Pray, Father, do you for me; 'tis nothing with you, you are us'd to it, it is your Trade.

Herm. Away, vain Man; you ſpeak as if you had drunk too deeply of another Liquor than Sea-water.

Jacom. No, I have not, but I wou'd fain: where may a Man light of a Glaſs of good Wine? I would gladly have an Antidote to my Poiſon. Methinks, Pah! theſe Fiſhes have but a ſcurvy time; I am ſure they have very ill drinking.

Herm. Farewel, and learn more Devotion and Thankfulneſs to Heaven—
[*Exit* Hermit.

Jacom. Ha! 'tis uncivily done to leave a Man in a ſtrange Country. But theſe *Hermits* have no breeding. Poor *Jacomo*, dear *Jacomo*, how I love thy Perſon, how glad am I to ſee thee ſafe? for I ſwear, I think thou art as honeſt a fellow as e'er I met with. Well, farewel, thou wicked Element; if ever I truſt thee again— Well, Haddocks, I defie you, you ſhall have none of me, not a Collop; no, no, I will be eaten by Worms, as all my Anceſtors have been. If Heaven will but preſerve me from the Monſters of the Land, my

my Maſter and his two Companions (who, I hope, are drown'd) I'll preſerve my ſelf from thoſe of the Sea. Let me ſee, here is a Path— this muſt lead to ſome Houſe. I'll go, for I am plaguy ſick with this Salt-water. Pah--[*Ex.* Jaco.

Enter Clara, *and* Flavia *with two Maids.*

Clara. Oh, *Flavia*, this will be our laſt happy Night, to Morrow is our Execution day; we muſt Marry.

Flavia. Ay, *Clara*, we are condemn'd without Reprieve. 'Tis better to live as we have done, kept from all Men, than for each to be confin'd to one, whom yet we never ſaw, and a thouſand to one ſhall never like.

Clara. Out on't, a *Spaniſh* Wife has a worſe life than a coop'd Chicken.

Flavia. A ſinging Bird in a Cage is a Princely Creature, compar'd to that poor Animal, call'd a Wife here.

Clara. Birds are made tame by being Cag'd, but Women grow wild by confinement, and that, I fear, my Husband will find to his coſt.

Flavia. None live pleaſantly here, but thoſe who ſhould be miſerable Strumpets: They can chooſe their Mates, but we muſt be like Slaves condemn'd to the Gallies; we have no liberty to ſell our Selves, or venture one Throw for our freedom.

Clara. O that we were in *England!* there, they ſay, a Lady may chuſe a Footman, and run away with him, if ſhe likes him, and no diſhonour to the Family.

Flavia. That's becauſe the Families are ſo very Honourable, that nothing can touch them: Their Wives run and ramble whither, and with whom they pleaſe, and defy all cenſure.

Clara. Ay, and a jealous Husband is a more monſtrous Creature there than a Wittal here, and won'd be more pointed at: They ſay, if a Man be jealous there, the Women will all joyn and pull him to pieces.

Flavia. Oh happy Country! we ne'er touch Money, there the Wives can ſpend their Husband's Eſtate for 'em. Oh bleſs'd Country!

Clara. Ay, there they ſay the Husbands are the prettieſt civil eaſy good natur'd indifferent Perſons in the whole World; they ne'er mind what their Wives do, not they.

Flavia. Nay, they ſay, they love thoſe Men beſt that are kindeſt to their Wives. Good Men! Poor Hearts! And here, if an honeſt Gentleman offers a Wife a Civility by the by, our bloody Butcherly Husbands are cutting of Throats preſently.

Clara. Oh that we had theſe frank civil *Engliſhmen*, inſtead of our grave dull ſurly *Spaniſh* Blockheads, whoſe greateſt Honour lies in preſerving their Beards and Foreheads inviolable.

Flavia. In *England*, if a Husband and Wife like not one another, they draw two ſeveral ways, and make no bones on't, while the Husband treats his Miſtreſs openly in his Glaſs-Coach; the Wife for decency's ſake, puts on her Vizer, and whips away in a Hackney with a Gallant, and no harm done.

Clara. Though of late 'tis as unfaſhionable for a Husband to love his Wife there, as 'tis here, yet 'tis faſhionable for her to love ſome body elſe, and that's ſomething.

Flavia. Nay, they ſay, Gentlemen will keep company with a Cuckold there,

there, as soon as another Man, and ne'er wonder at him.

Clara. Oh happy Country! there a Woman may chuse for her self, and none will into the Trap of Matrimony, unless she likes the Bait; but here we are tumbled headlong and blindfold into it.

Flavia. We are us'd as they use Hawks, never unhooded, or whistled off, till they are just upon the Quarry.

Clara. And 'tis for others, not our selves we fly too.

Flavia. No more, this does but put us in mind of our Misery.

Clara. It does so: But prethee let's be merry one night, to Morrow is our last. Farewel all Happiness.

Flavia. O that this happy day would last our Lives time. But prethee, my Dear, let's have thy Song, and divert our selves as well as we can in the mean time.

Clara. 'Tis a little too wanton.

Flavia. Prethee let's be a little wanton this Evening, to Morrow we must take our leaves on't.

Clara. Come on then, our Maids shall joyn in the Chorus: Here they are.

SONG.

WOman who is by Nature wild,
Dull bearded Men incloses;
Of Nature's freedom we're beguil'd
By Laws which Man imposes:
Who still himself continues free,
Yet we poor Slaves must fetter'd be.

Chor. *A shame on the Curse*
Of, For better for worse;
'Tis a vile imposition on Nature:
For Women should change,
And have freedom to range,
Like to every other wild Creature.

So gay a thing was ne'er design'd
To be restrain'd from roving;
Heav'n meant so changeable a Mind
Should have its change in loving.
By cunning we could make Men smart,
But they by strength o'ercome our Art.

Chor. *A shame on the Curse,*
Of, For, &c.

How happy is the Village Maid,
Whom only Love can fetter;

By

By foolish Honour ne'er betray'd,
She serves a Power much greater:
That lawful Prince the wisest rules,
Th' Usurper's Honour rules but Fools.

Chor. *Ashame on the Curse*
Of, For, &c.

Let us resume our ancient Right,
Make Man at distance wonder;
Though he victorious be in Fight,
In Love we'll keep him under.
War and Ambition hence be hurl'd,
Let Love and Beauty rule the World.

Chor. *Ashame on the Curse*
Of, For, &c.

Flavia. Oh dear *Clara*, that this were true! But now let's home, our Father will miss us.

Clara. No, he's walk'd abroad with the three Shipwrack'd Gentlemen.

Flavia. They're proper handsome Gentlemen; but the chief, whom they call Don *John*, exceeds the rest.

Clara. I never saw a finer person; pray Heaven either of our Husbands prove as good.

Flavia. Do not name 'em. Let the Maids go home, and if my Father be there, let him know that we are here. [*Exeunt Maids.*

Clara. In the mean time, if he be thereabouts, do you go down that Walk, and I'll go this way, and perhaps one of us shall light on him.

Flavia. Agreed. [*Exeunt Ambo.*

Enter Don John, *Don* Lopez, *Don* Antonio.

D. *John.* Where have you left the old Man, Don *Francisco*?

D. *Lop.* He's very busy at home, seeing all things prepar'd for his Daughters Weddings to Morrow.

D. *John.* His Daughters are gone this way: if you have any friendship for me, go and watch the old Man; and if he offers to come towards us, divert him, that I may have freedom to attack his Daughters.

D. *Anto.* You may be sure of us, that have serv'd you with our Lives: besides, the justice of this Cause will make us serve you. Adieu.

[*Exeunt Don* Lop. *Don* Anto.

D. *John.* Now for my Virgins. Assist me Love! Fools, you shall have no Maidenheads to Morrow Night. Husbands have Maidenheads! no, no—— poor sneaking Fools.

Enter Jacomo.

Jacom. I have lost my way, I think I shall never find this House: But I shall never think my self out of the way, unless I meet my impious Master; Heaven grant he be Drown'd.

D. *John.*

D. *John.* How now, Raſcal, are you alive?

Jacom. Oh Heaven! He's here! Why was this lewd Creature ſav'd; I am in a worſe condition than ever; now I have ſcap'd drowning, he brings hanging freſh into my Memory.

D. *John.* What mute, Sirrah?

Jacom. Sir, I am no more your Servant, you parted with me, I thank you; Sir, I am beholding to you: Farewel, good Sir, I am my own Man now——

D. *John.* No: Though you are a Rogue, you are a neceſſary Rogue, and I'll not part with you.

Jacom. I muſt be gone, I dare not venture further with you.

D. *John.* Sirrah, do you know me, and dare you ſay this to me? Have at your Guts, I will rip you from the Navel to the Chin.

Jacom. O good Sir, hold, hold. He has got me in his clutches, I ſhall never get looſe—— Oh! Oh!

D. *John.* Come, Dog, follow me cloſe, ſtinking Raſcal.

Jacom. I am too well pickl'd in the Salt water to ſtink, I thank you, I ſhall keep a great while. But you were a very generous Man, to leave a Gentleman, your Friend, in danger, as you did me. I have reaſon to follow you: But if I ſerve you not in your kind, then am I a ſows'd Sturgeon.

D. *John.* Follow me, Sirrah; I ſee a Lady.

Jacom. Are you ſo fierce already?

Enter Clara *ſinging*, A ſhame on the Curſe, &c.

Clara. Ha! This is the Stranger;
What makes him here?

D. *John.* A delicate Creature. Ha! This is the Lady.
How happy am I to meet you here——

Clara. What mean you, Sir?

D. *John.* I was undone enough before, with ſeeing your Picture in the Gallery; but I ſee you have more Excellencies than Beauty, your Voice needed not have conſpir'd with that to ruine me.

Clara. Have you ſeen my Picture?

D. *John.* And lov'd it above all things I ever ſaw, but the Original.
I am loſt beyond redemption, unleſs you can pity me.

Jacom. [*Aſide.*] He has been loſt a hundred times, but he always finds himſelf again—— and me too; a pox on him.

D. *John.* When Love had taken too faſt hold on me, ever to let me go, I too late found you were to Morrow to be Marry'd.

Clara. Yes, I am condemn'd to one I never ſaw, and you are come to rally me and my misfortunes.

Jacom. Ah, Madam, ſay not ſo, my Maſter is always in earneſt.

D. *John.* So much I am in earneſt now, that if you have no way to break this Marriage off, and pity me, I ſoon ſhall repent I ever came to Land; I ſhall ſuffer a worſe wrack upon the Shore; here I ſhall linger out my life in the worſt of pains, deſpairing Love; there I ſhould have periſh'd quickly—

Jacom. Ah poor Man! he's in a deſperate condition, I pity him with all my Heart——

D. *John.* Peace, Raſcal. Madam, this is the only opportunity I am like to have; Give me leave to improve it.

Clara. Sure, Sir, you cannot be in earneſt.

D. *John.* If all the Oaths under the Sun can convince you, Madam, I ſwear--

Jacom. O Sir, Sir, have a care of Swearing, for fear you ſhould, once in your life, be forſworn——

D. *John.* Peace, Dog, or I ſhall ſlit your Wind-pipe.

Jacom. Nay, I know if he be forſworn, 'tis the firſt time, that's certain.

Clara. But, Sir, if you be in earneſt, and I had an inclination, 'tis impoſſible to bring it about, my Father has diſpos'd of me.

D. *John.* Diſpoſe of your ſelf, I'll do well enough with him, and my Fortune and Quality are too great for him, for whom you are intended, to diſpute with me.

Clara. If this be true, wou'd you win a Woman at firſt ſight?

D. *John.* Madam, this is like to be the firſt and laſt; to Morrow is the fatal day that will undo me.

Jacom. Courage, Don, matters go well.

Clara. Nay, I had rather have a Peaſant of my own chuſing, than an Emperour of another's. He is a handſome Gentleman, and ſeems to be of Quality: Oh that he cou'd rid me out of my intended ſlavery. [*Aſide.*

Sir, talk not of impoſſible things; for could I wiſh this, my Father's Honour will not ſuffer him to diſpenſe with his promiſe.

D. *John.* I'll carry you beyond his power, and your intended Husband's too.

Clara. It cannot be; but I muſt leave you, I dare not be ſeen with you—

D. *John.* Remember the ſhort time you have to think on this: will you let me periſh without relief? if you will have pity on a Wretched Man, I have a Prieſt in my company, I'll marry you, and we'll find means to fly early in the Morning, before the houſe are ſtirring.

Clara. I confeſs I am to be condemn'd to a ſlavery, that nothing can be worſe; yet this were a raſh attempt.

D. *John.* If you will not conſent to my juſt deſires, I am reſolv'd to kill my ſelf, and fall a Sacrifice to your diſdain; ſpeak! ſpeak my doom——— [*Holds his Sword to his Breaſt.*

Clara. Hold, hold———

Jacom. Ay, hold, hold: Poor fooliſh Woman, ſhe ſhou'd not need to bid him hold.

Clara. I'll find a means this night to ſpeak with you alone; but I fear this is but for your diverſion.

Jacom. Yes, 'tis for diverſion indeed; the common diverſion of all the World.

D. *John.* By all that's great and good, my Intentions are Honourable.

Clara. Farewel, Sir, I dare not ſtay longer.

D. *John.* Will you keep your Word, Madam?

Jacom. You'll keep yours, no doubt——

Clara. I will, any thing rather than marry one I cannot love, as I can no man of another's chuſing.

D. *John.* Remember, Madam, I periſh if you do not; I have only one thing to ſay, keep this ſecret from your Siſter, till we have effected it; I'll give you ſufficient reaſon for what I ſay, [*Exit* Clara.

Victoria, Victoria; I have her faſt, ſhe's my own.

Jacom.

Jacom. You are a hopeful Man, you may come to good in time.

Enter Flavia.

D. *John.* Here is the other Sister; have at her.

Jacom. Why, Sir, Sir, have you no conscience? Will not one at once serve your turn?

D. *John.* Stand by, Fool. Let me see, you are the Lady.

Flavia. What say you, Sir?

D. *John.* You have lately taken up a stray Heart of mine, I hope you do not intend to detain it, without giving me your own in exchange.

Flavia. I a Heart of yours, since when, good Sir? You are but this day Shipwrack'd on this Coast, and never saw my Face before.

D. *John.* I saw your Picture, and I saw your motion, both so charming, I could not resist them; but now I have a nearer view, I see plainly I am lost.

Flavia. A goodly handsome Man! but what can this mean?

D. *John.* Such killing Beauties I ne'er saw before; my Heart is irrevocably gone.

Flavia. Whither is it gone, Sir! I assure you I have no such thing about me, that I know of.

D. *John.* Ah, Madam, if you wou'd give me leave to search you, I should find it in some little corner about you, that shall be nameless.

Flavia. It cannot be about me, I have none but my own, and that I must part with to morrow, to I know not whom.

D. *John.* If the most violent love that Man e'er knew, can e'er deserve that treasure, it is mine; if you give that away, you lose the truest Lover that e'er languished yet.

Jacom. What can be the end of this; sure Blood must follow this dishonour of the Family, and I unfortunate, shall have my throat cut for company.

Flavia. Do you know where you are?

D. *John.* Yes, Madam, in *Spain*, where opportunities are very scarce, and those that are wise make use of 'em as soon as they have 'em.

Flavia. You have a mind to divert your self; but I must leave you, I am disposed to be more serious.

D. *John.* Madam, I swear by all——

Jacom Hold, hold; will you be forsworn again?

D. *John.* Peace, Villain, I shall cut that tongue out.

Flavia. Farewel, I cannot stay. *Exit* Flavia.

D. *John.* I'll not leave her; I'll thaw her if she were Ice, before I have done with her.

Jacom. There is no end of his lewdness. Well, I must be kill'd or hang'd once for all, and ther's an end on't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Maria *and* Leonora.

Leon. I am faint with what I suffered at Sea, and with my wandring since; let us repose a little, we shall not find this House to Night.

Maria. I ne'er shall rest till I have found Don *Francisco*'s house; but I'll sit down awhile.

Leon. I hope he will not find it, till I have found means to give Don *John* warning of his cruel intentions: I would save his Life, who, I fear, would not

do that for me. But in the miſerable caſe that *I* am in, if he denies his Love, death would be the welcom'ſt thing on earth to me.

Maria. Oh my *Octavio*'s! how does the loſs of thee perplex me with deſpair! the honour of Mankind is gone with thee Why do I whine? grief ſhall no longer uſurp the place of my revenge. How could I gnaw the Monſters Heart, Villain! I'll be with you. When I have reveng'd my dear *Octavio*'s loſs, I then ſhall die contented.

Enter Don Lopez, *and Don* Antonio.

D. *Lop.* The old Man's ſafe; I long to know Don *John*'s ſucceſs.

D. *Anto.* He's engag'd upon a noble cauſe: If he ſucceeds, 'twill be a victory worth the owning.

D. *Lop.* Hah? whom have we here? a young Man well habited, with a Lady too; they ſeem to be ſtrangers.

D. *Anto.* A miſchief comes into my head now, that's worth the doing.

D. *Lop.* What's that, dear *Antonio?*

D. *Anto.* We are in a ſtrange Country, and may want Money: I would Rob that young Fellow. We have not robb'd a good while; me-thinks 'tis a new wickedneſs to me.

D. *Lop.* Thou art in the right. I hate to commit the ſame dull Sin over and over again, as if I were marry'd to it: variety makes all things pleaſant.

D. *Anto.* But there's one thing we'll ne'er omit. When we have robb'd the Man, we'll raviſh the Woman.

D. *Lop.* Agreed! let's to't, Man. Come on, young Gentleman, we muſt ſee what Riches you have about you.

Maria. O Villains! Thieves! Thieves! theſe are the Inhumane Companions of that bloody Monſter.

Leon. Have pity on poor miſerable ſtrangers.

D. *Anto.* Peace! we'll uſe you kindly, very kindly.

D. *Lop.* Go you carry that young Gentleman, bind him to a Tree, and bring the Money, while I wait upon the Lady.

D. *Anto.* Will you play me no foul play in the mean time then; for we muſt caſt lots about the buſineſs you wot of.

D. *Lop.* No, upon my honour.

Maria. Honour! you Villain?

D. *Anto.* Come, young Gentleman, I'll tame you.

Maria. Help? help——— [*Exit Don* Ant. *haling* Maria.

Leon. Have you no humanity in you? Take our Money, but leave us liberty; be not ſo barb'rouſly cruel.

D. *Anto.* Come, I have made haſte with him; now let us draw cuts who enjoys the Lady firſt.

Leon. O Heav'n aſſiſt me! what do I hear? help! help!

Enter four or five Country Fellows coming from Work.

1. *Count. Fel.* What, two Men a robbing of a Lady! be gone, and let her alone, or we have ſowre Cudgels ſhall waſſer your Bones, I tell you that.

D. *Anto.* How now, Rogues? [*Fight off the Stage.*

Leon. Thanks to Heav'n. I fly! I fly! where ſhall I hide my ſelf——

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Don John *and* Jacomo.

D. *John.* I ſhall conquer 'em both. Now, Sirrah, what think you?

Jacom. Why I think you manage your buſineſs as diſcreetly, and take as much pains to have your Throat cut, as any Man in *Spain.*

D. *John.* Your fear-o'er rules your ſenſe, mine is a Life Monarchs might envy———

Jacom. 'Tis like to be a very ſhort one at this rate.

D. *John.* Away, Fool, 'tis dark, I muſt be gone; I ſhall ſcarce find the way home———

Enter Leonora.

Leon. Heaven guard me from theſe wicked Wretches. Help! help! they are here.

D. *John.* How now, Madam; what, afraid of a Man?

Leon. Don *John*, no, not of you; you are the Man i'th' World I would have met.

D. *John.* *Leonora*, you are the Woman i' th' World I would have avoided. 'ſdeath! ſhe will ſpoil my new deſigns; but I have a trick for her. What miracle brought you hither?

Leon. Love, that works the greateſt miracles, made me follow you; and the ſame Storm drove me on this Shoar, on which you were thrown, and thus far I've wandred till I have found you.

D. *John.* This is the moſt unreaſonable unſatiable loving Lady, that ever was abus'd by Man, ſhe has a kind of Spaniel Love, the worſe you uſe her, the more loving ſhe is. Pox on her, I muſt be rid of her.

Leon. I am very faint and weary, yet I was reſolved not to reſt till I had found you.

D. *John.* Your unwearied Love has o'ercome and convinc'd me, there is not ſuch a Woman breathing.

Leon. This is a Sovereign Medicine for all my Sorrows; I now, me-thinks am happier than ever: But I am faint and ill.

D. *John.* Here, Madam, I have an excellent Cordial, 'twill refreſh you; and i'll conduct you where you ſhall never be unhappy more.

Leon. From that dear Hand 'tis welcome——
To your Health. [*Drinks.*

D. *John.* And to your own deſtruction, you have drunk your laſt.

Leon. What means my Love?

D. *John.* Y'have drunk the ſubtleſt Poiſon that Art e'er yet invented.

Jacom. O Murder! Murder! What have you done?

D. *John.* Peace, Villain! leave your unſeaſonable pity——
You cannot live two Minutes.

Leon. O ungrateful Tyrant! thou haſt Murdered the only Creature living that cou'd Love thee. Heaven will revenge it, though to me 'tis kindneſs. Here all my Sorrows ſhall for ever ceaſe.

D. *John.* Why would you perſecute me with your Love?

Leon. I could not help it. I came to preſerve you, and am deſtroy'd for't.

Jacom. Oh horrid fact!

D. *John.* To preſerve me! I wear my ſafety by my ſide.

Leon.

Leon. Oh I faint! Guard your ſelf, there's a young
Gentleman purſues your Life; have a care——
I came to tell you this, and thus I am rewarded.
Heav'n pardon you, farewel; I can no more—— [*Dies.*

Jacom. This Object ſure will ſtrike your Heart! Tigers would melt at this. O the Earth will open and ſwallow you up, and me for company. There's no end of your Murders.

D. *John.* This is the firſt time I ever knew compaſſion.
Poor Fool, I pity her, but 'tis too late——
Farewel all ſenſleſs thoughts of a remorſe,
I would remove whate'er wou'd ſtop my courſe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Don John, *Don* Lopez, *Don* Antonio, Jacomo.

D. *John.* THis Nights ſucceſs exceeded all my hopes. I had admittance to their ſeveral Chambers, and I have been contracted to both the Siſters, and this day reſolve to Marry 'em, and at ſeveral times enjoy them; and, in my opinion, I ſhall have a brace of as pretty Wives, as any Man in *Spain.*

D. *Anto.* Brave Don *John*, you are Maſter of your Art, not a Woman in *Spain* can ſtand before you.

D. *Lop.* We can but envy you, and at a diſtance imitate; but both their Maids ſhall to pot, I aſſure you.

Jacom. How far will the Devil hurry you.

D. *John.* 'Tis not the Devil, 'tis the Fleſh, Fool.

Jacom. Here will be fine cutting of Throats. Poor *Jacomo*, muſt thou be cut off in the flower of thy Age?

Enter Don Franciſco.

D. *Fran.* Gentlemen, your Servant; I hope you reſted well this Night.

D. *Lop.* We thank you, Sir; never better.

D. *Anto.* We never ſhall requite this obligation.

Jacom. I warrant you my Maſter will; he's a very grateful civil Perſon indeed.

D. *John.* The Favour is too great to be ſuddainly requited; but I ſhall ſtudy to deſerve it.

Jacom. Good Man, you will deſerve it.

Enter two Bridegrooms.

D. *Fran.* Gentlemen, you are come, you are early.

1. *Bridegr.* This joyful occaſion made us think it late.

2. *Bridegr.* The expectation of ſo great a Bleſſing, as we this day hope to enjoy, would let us have but little Reſt laſt Night.

1. *Bridegr.* And the fruition will afford us leſs to Night.

D. *John.* Poor Fools! you ſhall be bob'd. How it tickles my Spleen to think on't.

D. *Fran.*

D. *Fran.* Theſe are to be my Sons-in-law.

D. *John.* And my Cuckolds before-hand.

D. *Fran.* Pray know 'em, Gentlemen, they are Men of Honour.

D. *John.* I ſhall be glad to ſerve them? But firſt I'll ſerve their Ladies. [*Aſide.*

D. *Fran.* Come, Gentlemen, I'll now conduct you to my Daughters; and beg your Pardon for a moment, I'll wait on you again. [*Ex.* D. Fran. *and* Brid.

D. *Anto.* Theſe Fools will ſpoil your deſign.

D. *John.* No, poor Sots; I have perſwaded the Ladies to feign Sickneſs, and put off their Marriage till to Morrow Morning, to gain time; ſo the mean while I have 'em ſafe, Boys.

D. *Lop.* But will not the Siſters betray you to one another?

D. *John.* No, I have wheedled each into a Jealouſy of the other, and each believes that if the other knows it, She in Honour will reveal it to the Father.

Jacom. Sir, if you be ſo very weary of your Life, why don't you make uſe of a convenient Beam? 'tis the eaſier way; ſo you may die without the filthy pother you keep about it.

D. *John.* Away, Coward; 'tis a ſign I am not weary of my Life, that I make ſo much uſe on't.

Jacom. Oh *Jacomo!* Thou art loſt; 'tis pity a Fellow of thy neat ſpruce parts ſhould be deſtroy'd.

Enter Don Franciſco.

D. *Fran.* Come, Gentlemen, will you not refreſh your ſelves with ſome cool Wines this Morning?

D. *Lop.* We thank you, Sir, we have already.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a young Gentleman, a ſtranger, deſires to ſpeak with you.

D. *Fran.* Admit him.

Enter Maria *in Man's Habit.*

Your humble Servant.

Maria. Sir, when I've told you what I come for, I doubt not but I ſhall deſerve your Thanks. I come to do you Service.

D. *Fran.* You have 'em, Sir, already——

Maria. You have lodg'd within your Houſe ſome Ship-wrack'd Men, who are greater Villains than the Earth e'er bore; I come to give you warning of 'em, and to beg your Power to revenge ſuch horrid Actions, as Heart could never yet conceive, or Tongue could utter. Hah! they are theſe—Revenge, Revenge, cruel unnatural Rapes and Murders. They are Devils in the ſhapes of Men.

D. *Fran.* What ſay you, Sir?

Jacom. Now the ſnare is fall'n upon me; me-thinks I feel cool Steel already in my Body. Too well I know that Face.

D. *John.* I know that Face. Now, Impudence, aſſiſt me. What Mad young Man is that?

D. *Fran.* Theſe, by their Habits and their Meens, are Gentlemen, and ſeem to be Men of Honour.

Maria. By theſe two, laſt night I was robb'd, and bound to a Tree, and there

there have been all Night, and but this Morning was reliev'd by Peasants—— I had a Lady with me, whom they said they would ravish, and this Morning I saw her dead; they must have murder'd her.

D. *Fran.* Heav'n! What do I hear?

Jacom. Oh! I am noos'd already, I feel the knot, me-thinks, under my left Ear.

D. *Anto.* The Youth raves; we never saw his Face, we never stirr'd from the bounds of this House since we came hither.

D. *Lop.* 'Sdeath, let me kill the Villain; shall he thus affront Men of our Quality and Honour?

D. *Fran.* Consider I am a Magistrate.

D. *John.* The Youth was robb'd, and with the fright has lost his Wits. Poor Fool! let him be bound in's Bed.

D. *Fran.* Do not persist in this, but have a care: These injuries to Men of Honour shall not go unpunished.

Maria. Whither shall injur'd Innocence fly for succour, if you so soon can be corrupted? Monster, I'll revenge my self; have at thy Heart.

D. *Fran.* What means the Youth? put up your Sword.

D. *Anto.* We told you, Sir, he was mad.

Maria. O Impudent Villains! I ask your pardon, Sir; my Griefs and Injuries transport me so, I scarce can utter them. That Villain is Don *John*, who basely murdered the Governour of *Sevil* in his House, and then dishinoured his fair Sister.

D. *John.* Death and Hell! this injury is beyond all sufferance.

D. *Fran.* Hold, Sir, think in whose House you are.

Jacom. O Lord! what will this come to? Ah *Jacomo*, thy line of Life is short.

Maria. This is the Villain, who kill'd the Lover of *Antonio*'s Sister, deflower'd her, and murder'd her Brother in his own House.

D. *John.* I'll have no longer patience.

D. *Anto.* Such a Villain should have his Throat cut, though in a Church.

D. *Lop.* No Man of Honour will protect those, who offer such injuries.

D. *John.* Have at you, Villain.

D. *Fran.* Nay then; within there: ho! I will protect him, or perish with him.

Enter two Bridegrooms.

1. *Bridegr.* What's the matter?

D. *John.* This rashness will spoil my design upon the Daughters; if I had perfected that, I would have own'd all this for half a Duccatoon-[*To* Ant. Lop. I ask your Pardon for my ill manners; I was provok'd too far: indeed the accusations are so extravagant and odd, I rather should have laughed at 'em. Let the Young Fool have a vein open'd, he's stark staring Mad.

D. *Anto.* A foolish Impostour. We never saw *Sevil* till last Night.

Maria. Oh Impudence!

Jacom. No, not we; we never were there till yesterday. Pray, Sir, lay that young Fellow by the heels, for lying on us, Men of Honour.

D. *Franc.* What is the matter, Friend, you tremble so?

D. *Lop.*

D. *Lop.* 'Sdeath, the Dog's fear will betray us.

Jacom. I tremble, Sir? no, no, Sir: I tremble?——though it would make any one tremble to hear one lye, as that young Gentleman does. Have you no conſcience in you?

Maria. Heav'n can witneſs for me, I ſpeak not falſe. *Octavio*, my dear *Octavio*, being deareſt to me of all the World; I would in *Sevil* have reveng'd his Murder, but the Villain there eſcaped me: I followed him to Sea, and in the ſame Storm in which their Ship periſh'd, I was thrown on Shoar. O my *Octavio!* if this foul unnatural Murder be not reveng'd, there is no Juſtice left among Mankind. His Ghoſt, and all the reſt whom he has barbarouſly Murder'd, will interrupt your quiet, they'll haunt you in your ſleep. Revenge, Revenge!

2. *Bridegr.* This is wonderful.

D. *Franc.* There muſt be ſomething in this; his paſſion cannot be counterfeited, nor your Man's fear.

Jacom. My fear? I ſcorn your words. I fear nothing under the Sun. I fear! Ha, ha, ha———

D. *John.* Will you believe this one falſe Villain againſt three, who are Gentlemen, and Men of Honour?

Jacom. Nay, againſt four, who are Gentlemen, and Men of Honour.

Maria. O Villain, that I had my Sword imbru'd in thy Heart's Blood. Oh my dear *Octavio*! do Juſtice, Sir, or Heaven will puniſh you.

Enter Clara.

D. *Franc.* Gentlemen, he is too earneſt, in his grief and anger, to be what you wou'd have him, an Impoſtour. My Houſe has been your Sanctuary, and I am obliged in honour not to act as a Magiſtrate, but your Hoſt; no violence ſhall here be offer'd to you, but you muſt inſtantly leave this Houſe, and if you would have ſafety, find it ſomewhere elſe. Be gone.

D. *John.* This is very well.

Maria. Oh! will you let 'em go unpuniſh'd?
Whither ſhall I fly for vengeance?

D. *Franc.* Pray leave this place immediately.

Jacom. Ah, good Sir, let's be gone—— Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

Clara. O Sir, conſider what you do; do not baniſh Don *John* from hence.

1. *Bridegr.* Ha! what means ſhe?

D. *Franc.* What ſay you?

Clara. O Sir, he is my Husband, we were laſt night contracted.

D. *Franc.* Oh! what do I hear?

1. *Bridegr.* I am diſhonour'd, abus'd. Villain, thou dieſt.

D. *John.* Villain, you lye; I will cut your Throat firſt.

D. *Franc.* Hey, where are my People here?

Enter Servants *and* Flavia.

Flavia. O Sir, hold; if you baniſh Don *John*, I am loſt for ever.

D. *Fran.* Oh Devil! what do I hear?

Flavia. He is my Husband, Sir, we were laſt night contracted.

Clara. Your Husband! Heaven! what's this?

2. *Bridegr.* Hell and Damnation!

D. *Franc.* Oh! I have loſt my ſenſes.

Maria. Oh Monſter! now am I to be believ'd?

Jacom. O ſpare my Life! I am innocent as I hope to live and breathe.

D. *John.* Dog, you ſhall fight for your Life, if you have it.

D. *Franc.* Firſt I'll revenge my ſelf on theſe.

D. *John.* Hold, hold, they are both my Wives, and I will have them.

[*Runs at his Daughters, and they run out.*

D. *Franc.* O Devil! fall on———.

Maria. Fall on, I will aſſiſt you.

[*They fight.* Maria *and Don* Franciſco *are kill'd, the two Bridegrooms are hurt,* Jacomo *runs away.*

D. *John.* Now we've done their buſineſs.
A cowardly Rogue! are not you a Son of a Whore?

Jacom. Ay, Sir, what you pleaſe: A man had better be a living Son of a Whore, than a dead Heroe, by your favour.

D. *John.* I could find in my Heart to kill the Raſcal; his fear, ſome time or other, will undo us.

Jacom. Hold, Sir, I went, Sir, to provide for your eſcape. Let's take Horſes out of the Stable, and fly; abundance of Company are coming, expecting the Wedding, and we are irreparably loſt if we take not this time; I think my fear will now preſerve you.

D. *Anto.* I think he counſels well. Let's fly to a new place of pleaſure.

D. *John.* But I ſhall leave my buſineſs undone with the two Women.

D. *Lop.* 'Tis now ſcarce feiſible. Let's fly; you'll light on others as handſome, where we come next.

D. *John.* Well, diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe; and yet it troubles me.

Jacom. Haſte, haſte, or we ſhall be apprehended. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clara *and* Flavia.

Flavia. O that I ever liv'd to ſee this day!
This fatal day! 'twas our vile diſobedience
Caus'd our poor Fathers death, which Heaven
Will revenge on us. So leud a Villain
As Don *John*, was never heard of yet.

Clara. That we ſhould be ſo credulous! O dreadful
Accident! dear Father, what Expiation can
We make? Our crime's too foul for
Tears to waſh away, and all our lives will
Be too ſhort, to ſpend in penitence for this
Our levity and diſobedience. He was the
Beſt of Fathers, and of Men.

Flavia. What will become of us, poor miſerable Maids,
Loſt in our Fortunes and our Reputations?
Our intended Husbands, if they recover of their
Wounds, will murder us; and 'tis but Juſtice:
Our lives too now cannot be worth the keeping.
Thoſe Devils in the ſhapes of Men are fled.

Clara. Let us not waſte our time in fruitleſs grief;

Let

Let us imploy ſome to purſue the Murderers.
And for our ſelves, let's to the next Monaſtery,
And there ſpend all our weary Life in penitence.
Flavia. Let's fly to our laſt Sanctuary in this World,
And try, by a Religious Life, to expiate this Crime:
There is no ſafety, or no hope but there.
Let's go, and bid a long farewel to all the
World; a thing too vain, and little worth our care.
Clara. Agreed; farewel to all the vanity on Earth,
Where wretched Mortals, toſs'd 'twixt hope and fear,
Muſt of all fix'd and ſolid Joy deſpair. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE is a delightful Grove.

Enter two Shepherds, *and two* Nymphs.

1. *Shep.* Come Nymphs and Shepherds, haſte away
To the happy Sports within theſe ſhady Groves,
In pleaſant lives time ſlides away apace,
But with the wretched ſeems to creep too ſlow.
1. *Nymph.* Our happy leiſure we imploy in Joys,
As innocent as they are pleaſant. We,
Strangers to ſtrife, and to tumultuous noiſe,
To baneful envy, and to wretched cares,
In rural pleaſures ſpend our happy days,
And our ſoft nights in calm and quiet ſleeps.
2. *Shep.* No rude Ambition interrupts our reſt,
Nor baſe and guilty thoughts how to be great.
2. *Nymph.* In humble Cottages we have ſuch contents,
As uncorrupted Nature does afford,
Which the great, that ſurfeit under gilded Roofs,
And wanton in down-Beds, can never know.
1. *Shep.* Nature is here, not yet debauch'd by Art,
'Tis as it was in *Saturn*'s happy days:
Minds are not here by Luxury invaded.
A homely Plenty, with ſharp Appetite,
Does lightſome health, and vigorous ſtrength impart.
1. *Nymph.* A chaſt cold Spring does here refreſh our Thirſt,
Which by no feveriſh ſurfeit is increas'd;
Our food is ſuch as Nature meant for Men,
Ere with the Vicious, Eating was an Art.
2. *Nymph.* In noiſy Cities riot is purſu'd,
And leud Luxurious living ſoftens Men,
Effeminates Fools in Body and in Mind,
Weakens their Appetites, and decays their Nerves.
2. *Shep.* With filthy ſteams from their exceſs of Meat,
And cloudy vapours rais'd from dangerous Wine;

Their heads are never clear or free to think,
They waſte their Lives in a continual miſt.

1. *Shep.* Some ſubtil and ill Men chuſe Temperance,
Not as a Vertue, but a Bawd to Vice,
And vigilantly wait to ruine thoſe,
Whom Luxury and Eaſe have lull'd aſleep.

2. *Shep.* Yes, in the clamorous Courts of tedious Law,
Where what is meant for a relief's a grievance;
Or in Kings Palaces, where Cunning ſtrives
Not to advance King's Intereſts, but its own.

1. *Nymph.* There they in a continual hurry live,
And ſeldome can, for all their ſubtile Arts,
Lay their foundations ſure; but ſome
Are undermin'd, others blown down by ſtorms.

2. *Nymph.* Their ſubtilty is but a common Road
Of flattering great Men, and oppreſſing little,
Smiling on all they meet, and loving none.

1. *Shep.* In populous Cities, Life is all a ſtorm;
But we enjoy a ſweet perpetual calm:
Here our own Flocks we keep, and here
I and my *Phyllis* can embrace unenvy'd.

2. *Shep.* And I and *Celia* without Jealouſy.
But hark, the Pipes begin; now for our ſports. [*A Symphony of Ruſtick Muſick.*

Nymphs and Shepherds come away,
In theſe Groves let's ſport and play;
Where each day is a Holy-day,
Sacred to Eaſe and happy Love,
To Dancing, Muſick, Poetry:
Your Flocks may now ſecurely rove,
Whilſt you expreſs your jollity.

Enter *Shepherds* and *Shepherdeſſes*, ſinging in *Chorus.*

We come, we come, no joy like this.
Now let us ſing, rejoyce, and kiſs.
The great can never know ſuch bliſs.
1. *As this.*
2. *As this.*
3. *As this.*
All. *As this.*
The Great can never know ſuch bliſs.

1. *All th' Inhabitants o' th' Wood,*
Now celebrate the Spring,
That gives freſh vigour to the Blood
Of every living thing.

Chorus.

Chor. *The Birds have been ſinging and billing before us,*
And all the ſweet Choriſters joyn in the Chorus.

2. *The Nightingales with jugging Throats,*
Warble out their pretty Notes,
So ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet:
And thus our Loves and Pleaſures greet.
Chor. *Then let our Pipes ſound, let us dance, let us ſing,*
Till the murmuring Groves with loud Eecho's ſhall ring. [Dance begins.

3. *How happy are we,*
From all jealouſy free;
No dangers nor cares can annoy us:
We toy and we kiſs,
And Love's our chief bliſs;
A pleaſure that never can cloy us.
Chor. *Our days we conſume in unenvied delights,*
And in Love and ſoft reſt our happy long Nights.

4. *Each Nymph does impart*
Her Love without Art,
To her Swain, who thinks that his chief Treaſure.
No envy is fear'd,
No ſighs are e'er heard,
But thoſe which are caus'd by our pleaſure.
Chor. *When we feel the bleſs'd Raptures of innocent Love,*
No joys exceed ours but the pleaſures above.

General Chorus. *In theſe delightful fragrant Groves,*
Let's celebrate our happy Loves.
Let's pipe, and dance, and laugh, and ſing;
Thus every happy living thing,
Revels in the chearful Spring. [Dance continues.

Enter Don John, *Don* Lopez, *Don* Antonio, Jacomo.

D. *John.* So, thus far we are ſafe, we have almoſt kill'd our Horſes with riding croſs out of all Roads.

Jacom. Nay, you have had as little mercy on them, as if they had been Men or Women: But yet we are not ſafe, let us fly farther.

D. *John.* The Houſe I lighted at was mine during my Life, which I ſold to that fellow; he, ſince he holds by that tenure, will carefully conceal us.

Jacom. 'Tis a tenure I will not give him two Months purchaſe for.

D. *John.* Beſides, our Swords are us'd to conqueſt.

D. *Anto.* At worſt, there is a Church hard by, we'll put it to its proper uſe, take refuge in't.

D. *Lop.* Look here, here are Shepherds, and young pretty Wenches; ſhall we be idle, Don?

D. *Anto.*

D. *Anto.* By no means; 'tis a long time, me-thinks, ſince we were vicious.

D. *John.* We'll ſerve 'em as the *Romans* did the *Sabines*, we'll rob 'em of their Women; only we'll return the Punks again, when we have us'd them.

Jacom. For Heaven's ſake hold.

D. *John.* Sirrah, no more; do as we do, Raviſh, Raſcal, or by my Sword, I'll cut thee into ſo many pieces, it ſhall poſe an Arithmetician to ſumm up the fractions of thy Body.

Jacom. I Raviſh! O good Sir! my Courage lies not that way; alas, I, I am almoſt famiſh'd, I have not eat to day.

D. *John.* Sirrah, by Heaven do as I bid thee, or thou ſhalt never eat again. Shall I keep a Raſcal for a Cypher?

Jacom. Oh! What will become of me? I muſt do it.

D. *John.* Come on, Rogue, fall on.

D. *Anto.* Which are you for?

D. *John.* 'Tis all one, I am not in Love, but in Luſt, and to ſuch a one, a Belly full's a Belly full, and there's an end on't.

1. *Shepherdeſs.* What means this violence?

2. *Shepherdeſs.* Oh! Heav'n protect us.

Jacom. Well, I muſt have one too; if I be hang'd, I had as good be hang'd for ſomething. [*Every one runs off with a Woman.*

D. *Lop.* Rogues, come not on; we'll be in your Guts.

All Shepherdeſſes. Help, help. [*They cry out.*

1. *Shep.* What Devils are theſe? [*Exeunt.*

[*Three or four* Shepherds *return with* Jacomo.

1. *Shep.* Here's one Rogue. Have we caught you, Sir? We'll cool your courage.

Jacom. Am I taken priſoner? I ſhall be kept as an Honourable Hoſtage at leaſt——

2. *Shep.* Where are theſe Villains, theſe Raviſhers?

Jacom. Why you need not keep ſuch a ſtir, Gentlemen, you will have all your Women again, and no harm done. Let me go, I'll fetch 'em to you.

1. *Shep.* No, you libidinous Swine; we'll revenge the Rapes on you.

Jacom. Good kind civil People, paſs this by: 'Tis true, my Maſter's a very *Tarquin*; but I never attempted to raviſh before.

2. *Shep.* I'll ſecure you from ever doing of it again. Where's your Knife?

Jacom. Heav'n! What do you mean? O ſpare me! I am unprepar'd; let me be confeſt.

1. *Shep.* We will not kill you, we'll but geld you: are you ſo hot, Sir?

Jacom. O bloody Villains! have a care, 'tis not a ſeaſon for that, the Sign's in *Scorpio*.

2. *Shep.* Down with him——

Jacom. O help help! Murder! Murder! have a care what you do, I am the laſt of all my Race—— Will you deſtroy a whole Stock, and take away my Repreſenters of my Family——

1. *Shep.* There ſhall be no more of the breed of you——

Jacom. I am of an ancient Family; will you cut off all hopes of a Son and Heir? help! help! Maſter! [*Von John*? Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter

Enter Don John, *Don* Lopez, *Don* Antonio.

D. *John.* How now, Rogues? do you abuſe my Man?

Jacom. O Sir, this is the firſt good thing you ever did: If you had not come juſt in the nick, I had loſt my Manhood.

D. *Anto.* 'Tis no matter for the uſe you make on't.

D. *Lop.* But come, let's now to Supper.

Jacom. Come on, I am almoſt ſtarv'd. [*Exeunt.*

Shepherds *return.*

1. *Shep.* Let's not complain, but dog the Rogues, and when we have Hous'd 'em, we will to the next Magiſtrate, and beg his power to apprehend 'em. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE changes to a CHURCH, with the Statue of Don *PEDRO* on Horſeback in it.

D. *John.* Let's in and ſee this Church.

Jacom. Is this a time to ſee Churches? But let me ſee whoſe Statue's this? O Heav'n! this is Don *Pedro*'s, whom you murder'd at *Sevil.*

D. *John.* Say you ſo, read the Inſcription.

Jacom. Here lies Don Pedro, *Governour of* Sevil, *barbarouſly Murder'd by that Impious Villain Don* John, *'gainſt whom his innocent Blood cries ſtill for Vengeance.*

D. *John.* Let it cry on. Art thou there i'faith? Yes, I kill'd thee, and wou'd do't again upon the ſame occaſion. *Jacomo*— Invite him to Supper.

Jacom. What, a Statue! invite a Statue to Supper? Ha, ha——— can Marble eat?

D. *John.* I ſay, Raſcal, tell him I would have him Sup with me.

Jacom. Ha, ha, ha! Who the Devil put this Whimſy into your Head? Ha, ha, ha, invite a Statue to Supper?

D. *John.* I ſhall ſpoil your mirth, Sirrah; I will have it done.

Jacom. Why, 'tis impoſſible; wou'd you have me ſuch a Coxcomb, invite Marble to eat? ha, ha, ha.

[*He goes ſeveral times towards the Statue and returns Laughing.*

Good Mr. Statue, if it ſhall pleaſe your Worſhip, my Maſter deſires you to make Collation with him preſently——

[*The Statue nods his Head,* Jacomo *falls down and roars.*

Oh I am dead! Oh, Oh, Oh.

D. *John.* The Statue nods its Head; 'tis odd——

D. *Anto.* 'Tis wonderful.

D *Lop. I* am amaz'd.

Jacom. Oh! *I* cannot ſtir! Help, help.

D. *John.* Well, Governour, come, take part of a Collation with me, 'tis by this time ready; make haſte, 'tis *I* invite you [*Statue nods again.*

Say you ſo? come on, let's ſet all things in order quickly.

Jacom. Oh! fly, fly

D. *Anto.* This is Prodigious.

[*Exeunt Don* John, *Don* Lopez, *Don* Antonio, Jacomo.

The

The SCENE is a Dining-Room, a Table ſpread, Servants ſetting on Meat and Wine.

D. *John.* Come, our Meat is ready, let's ſit. Pox on this fooliſh Statue, it puzles me to know the reaſon on't Sirrah, I'll give you leave to ſit.

D. *Anto.* Let's eat, ne'er think on't.

Jacom. Ay, come, let's eat; *I* am too hungry now to think on the fright—— [Jacomo *eats greedily.*

D. *John.* This is excellent Meat: How the Rogue eats! You'll choak your ſelf——

Jacom. I warrant you, look to your ſelf.

D. *Anto.* Why, *Jacomo*, is the Devil in you?

Jacom. No, no; if he be, 'tis a hungry Devil.

D. *Lop.* Will you not drink?

Jacom. I'll lay a good foundation firſt.

D. *John.* The Raſcal eats like a Cannibal.

Jacom. Ay, 'tis no matter for that.

D. *John.* Some Wine, Sirrah.

Jacom. There, Sir, take it; I am in haſte.

D. *Anto.* 'sdeath, the Fool will be ſtrangl'd.

Jacom. The Fool knows what he does.

D. *John.* Here's to Don *Pedro*'s Ghoſt, he ſhould have been welcome.

Jacom. O name him not.

D. *Lop.* The Raſcal is afraid of him after death.

Jacom. Oh! Oh! Some Wine, give me ſome Wine. [*Almoſt choak'd.*

D. *Anto.* Take it.

Jacom. So, now 'tis down.

D. *Anto.* Are you not ſatisfy'd yet?

Jacom. Peace, peace; *I* have but juſt begun. [*One knocks hard at the door.* Who's there? Come in, *I* am very buſy.

D. *John.* Riſe, and do your duty.

Jacom. But one Morſel more, *I* come. [*Knocks again.* What a pox, Are you mad? [*Opens the door.*

Enter Ghoſt.

Oh! the Devil, the Devil.

D. *John.* Hah! it is the Ghoſt, let's riſe and receive him.

D. *Anto. I* am amaz'd.

D. *Lop.* Not frighted are you?

D. *Anto. I* ſcorn the thoughts of fear. [*They ſalute the Ghoſt.*

D. *John.* Come, Governour, you are welcome, ſit there; if we had thought you would have come, we wou'd have ſtaid for you. But come on, Sirrah, give me ſome Wine. [*The* Ghoſt *ſits.*

Jacom. Oh! *I* am dead; what ſhall *I* do? *I* dare not come near you.

D. *John.* Come, Raſcal, or I'll cut your Throat. [*Fills Wine, his Hand trembles.*

Jacom. I come, *I* come, *I* come. Oh! Oh!

D. *John.*

D. *John.* Why do you tremble, Raſcal? Hold it ſteadily——

Jacom. Oh! I cannot.

[Jacomo *ſnatches Meat from the Table, and runs aſide.*

D. *John.* Here, Governour, your Health. Friends, put it about. Here's excellent Meat; taſte of this Ragouſt. If you had had a Body of Fleſh, I would have given you *cher entire*—— but the Women care not for Marble. Come, I'll help you? Come, Eat, and let old Quarrels be forgotten.

Ghoſt. I come not here to take Repaſt with you;
Heaven has permitted me to animate
This Marble Body, and I come to warn
You of that Vengeance is in ſtore for you,
If you amend not your pernicious Lives.

Jacom. O Heav'n!

D. *Anto.* What, are you come to Preach to us?

D. *Lop.* Keep your Harangues for Fools that will believe 'em.

D. *John.* We are too much confirm'd. Pox o' this dry diſcourſe, give me ſome Wine. Come, here's to your Miſtreſs; you had one when you were living: Not fogetting your ſweet Siſter. Sirrah, more Wine.

Jacom. Ay, Sir— Good Sir, do not provoke the *Ghoſt*; his Marble Fiſts may fly about your Ears, and knock your Brains out.

D. *John.* Peace, Fool.

Ghoſt. Tremble, you impious Wretches, and repent;
Behold, the Pow'rs of Hell wait for you. [*Devils riſe.*

Jacom. Oh! I will ſteal from hence. O the Devil!

D. *John.* Sirrah, ſtir not; by Heav'n I'll uſe thee worſe than Devils can do. Come near, Coward.

Jacom. O I dare not ſtir; What will become of me?

D. *John.* Come, Sirrah, Eat.

Jacom. O Sir, my Appetite is ſatisfied.

D. *John.* Drink, dog, the *Ghoſt*'s Health: Rogue, do't, or I'll run my Sword down your Throat.

Jacom. Oh! Oh! Here, Mr. Statue, your Health.

D. *John.* Now Raſcal, Sing to entertain him.

Jacom. Sing, quoth he! Oh! I have loſt my Voice; I cannot be merry in ſuch Company. Sing——

D. *Anto.* Who are theſe with ugly Shapes?

D. *Lop.* Their manner of appearing is ſomething ſtrange.

Ghoſt. They're Devils, that wait for ſuch hard impious Men.
They're Heaven's Inſtruments of Eternal Vengeance.

D. *John.* Are they ſome of your Retinue? Devils ſay you? I am ſorry I have no burnt Brandy to treat 'em with; that's drink fit for Devils—— Hah! they vaniſh. [*They ſink.*

Ghoſt. Cannot the fear of Hell's Eternal Tortures
Change the horrid courſe of your abandon'd lives?
Think on thoſe Fires, thoſe everlaſting Fires,
That ſhall without conſuming burn you ever.

D. *John.* Dreams, dreams, too ſlight to loſe my pleaſure for.

In ſpight of all you ſay, I will go on,
Till I have ſurfeited on all delights.
Youth is a Fruit that can but once be gath'd,
And I'll enjoy it to the full.

D. *Anto.* Let's puſh it on; Nature chalks out the way that we ſhould follow.

D. *Lop.* 'Tis her fault, if we do that we ſhou'd not. Let's on, here's a Brimmer to our Leaders Health.

Jacom. What helliſh Fiends are theſe?

D. *John.* Let me tell you, 'tis ſomething ill bred to rail at your Hoſt that treats you civilly. You have not yet forgot your Quarrel to me.

Ghoſt. 'Tis for your good; by me Heaven warns you of its Wrath, and gives you a longer time for your Repentance. I invite you this night to a Repaſt of mine.

D. *John.* Where?

Ghoſt. At my Tomb.

D. *Anto.* What time?

Ghoſt. At dead of Night.

D. *John.* We'll come.

Ghoſt. Fail not.

D. *Lop.* I warrant you.

Ghoſt. Farewel, and think upon your loſt condition.

D. *John.* Farewel, Governour, I'll ſee what treat you'll give us.

D. *Ant.* } And I.
D. *Lop.* }

Jacom. That will not I. Pox on him, I have had enough of his company; I ſhall not recover it this week. If I Eat with ſuch an Hoſt, I'll be hang'd.

D. *John.* If you do not, by Heaven you ſhall be hang'd.

Jacom. Whither will your leudneſs carry me? I do not care for having a Ghoſt for my Landlord. Will not theſe Miracles do good upon you?

D. *John.* There's nothing happens but by Natural Cauſes,
Which in unuſual things Fools cannot find,
And then they Style 'em Miracles. But no Accident
Can alter me from what I am by Nature.
Were there——
Legions of Ghoſts and Devils in my way,
One moment in my courſe of Pleaſure I'd not ſtay. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT V.

Enter Jacomo, *with Back, Breaſt, and Head-piece.*

Jacom. WELL, this damn'd Maſter of mine will not part with me; and we muſt fight five or ſix times a day, one day with another, that's certain: Therefore thou art wiſe, honeſt *Jacomo*, to arm thy ſelf, I take it. Sa, ſa, ſa— me-thinks I am very Valiant on the ſuddain. Sa, ſa, ſa. Hah! there I have you. Paph— Have at you. Hah— there I have you through: That was a fine thruſt in tierce. Hah— death what noiſe is that? *Enter*

Enter Don John.

D. *John.* How now, Sirrah, what are you doing?

Jacom. Nothing, but practising to run People through the Bodies, that's all; for I know some body's Throat must be cut before midnight.

D. *John.* In Armour too! why, that cannot help you, you are such a cowardly Fool; fear will betray you faster within, than that can defend you without———

Jacom. I fear no body breathing, I! nothing can terrify me but the deviliſh Ghoſt. Ha! who's that coming? Oh Heaven! [*Leaps back.*

D. *John.* Is this your Courage? You are preparing for flight before an Enemy appears.

Jacom. No, no, Sir, not I; I only leapt back to put my ſelf upon my guard——— Fa, la, la———

Enter Don Lopez, *and Don* Antonio.

D. *John.* Whom have we here?

Jacom. O where! where! who are they?

D. *John.* O my Friends! where have you been?

D. *Anto.* We went to view the ſtately Nunnery hard by, and have been chatting with the poor Sanctify'd Fools till it's dark; we have been chaffering for Nuns-Fleſh.

D. *Lop.* There I made ſuch a diſcovery, if you do not aſſiſt me, I am ruin'd for ever. Don *Barnardo*'s Siſter, whom I fell in Love with in *Sevil*, is this day plac'd there for Probation; and if you cannot adviſe me to ſome way or other of getting her out, for ſome preſent occaſion I have for her, I am a loſt Man, that's certain.

D. *Anto.* The buſineſs is difficult, and we reſolve to manage it in Council.

Jacom. Now will they bring me into ſome wicked occaſion or other of ſhewing my Proweſs: A pox on 'em.

D. *John.* Have you ſo long followed my fortunes, to boggle at difficulty upon ſo honourable an occaſion? beſides, here is no difficulty.

D. *Lop.* No? The Walls are ſo high, and the Nunnery ſo ſtrongly fortify'd, 'twill be impoſſible to do it by force; we muſt find ſome Stratagem.

D. *John.* The Stratagem is ſoon found out——

D. *Anto.* As how, Don *John*?

D. *John.* Why, I will ſet fire on the Nunnery; Fire the hive, and the drones muſt out, or be burnt within: Then may you, with eaſe, under pretence of ſuccour, take whom you will.

D. *Lop.* 'Tis a gallant deſign.

D. *Anto.* I long to be about it. Well, Don, thou art the braveſt Fellow breathing.

Jacom. Gentlemen, pray what became of that brave fellow, that *Fir'd* the Temple at *Epheſus*? Was he not hang'd, Gentlemen, hum———

D. *Anto.* We are his Rivals, Fool; and who would not ſuffer for ſo brave an Action?

D. *John.* He's a Scoundrel and a Poultroon, that would not have his death for his fame.

D. *Lop.* That he is, a damn'd Son of a Whore, and not fit to drink with.

Jacom. 'Tis a rare thing to be a Martyr for the Devil; but what infamy do you, when you are dead? When Hon—

to you, while you are living. For my part I'd not be hang'd to be *Alexander the Great.*

D. *Anto.* What a Phlegmatick dull Raſcal is that, who has no Ambition in him?

Jacom. Ambition! what, to be hang'd? beſides, what's the intrinſick value of Honour when a Man is under ground? Let 'em but call me honeſt *Jacomo*, as I am, while I live, and let 'em call me, when I am dead, Don *John*, if they will.

D. *John.* Villain, dare you prophane my Name?

Jacom. Hold, Sir, think what you do; you cannot hurt me, my Arms are Piſtol proof.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. I come to give you notice of an approaching danger: You muſt fly, an Officer with ſome Shepherds have found you were at our Houſe, and are come to apprehend you, for ſome out-rage you have committed; I came to give you notice, knowing our Family has a great reſpect for you.

D. *John.* Yes, I know your Family has a great reſpect for me, for I have lain with every one in it, but Thee and thy Maſter.

Jacom. Why look you now, I thought what 'twoud come to: Fly, Sir, fly; the darkneſs of the night will help us. Come I'll lead the way.

D. *John.* Stay Sirrah, you ſhall have one occaſion more of ſhewing your Valour.

D. *Anto.* Did ever any Knight Errant fly, that was ſo well appointed?

D. *Lop.* No, you ſhall ſtay, and get Honour, *Jacomo.*

Jacom. Pox of Honour, I am content with the ſtock I have already.

D. *John.* You are eaſily ſatisfyed. But now let's fire the Nunnery.

D. *Anto.* Come on.

D. *Lop.* I long to be at it.

Jacom. O *Jacomo!* Thy Life is not worth a piece of Eight. 'Tis in vain to diſſwade 'em; Sir, I will never trouble you with another Requeſt, if you'll be graciouſly pleas'd to leave me out of this Adventure.

D. *John.* Well, you have your deſire.

Jacom. A thouſand Thanks, and when I ſee you again, I will be humbly content with a Halter.

D. *John.* But, do you hear, Fool? Stand Centinel here, and if any thing happens extraordinary, give us notice of it.

Jacom. O good, Sir! What do you mean? that's as bad as going with you.

D. *John.* Let me find you here when I come again, or you are a dead Man—— [*Exeunt Don* John, *Don* Lopez, *Don* Antonio.

Jacom. I am ſure I am a dead Man, if you find me here: But would my Armour were off now, that I might run the lighter. Night aſſiſt me. Heaven! What noiſe is that? To be left alone in the dark, and fear Ghoſts and Devils, is very horrible. But Oh! Who are theſe?

Enter Officer, Guards, and Shepherds.

1. *Shep.* We are thus far right, the Raviſhers went this way.

2. *Shep.* For Heaven's ſake take 'em dead or alive; ſuch deſperate Villains ne'er were ſeen.

Jacom.

Jacom. So, if I be catch'd I ſhall be hang'd; if not, I ſhall be kill'd. 'Tis very fine, theſe are the Shepherds. I'll hide my ſelf.

He ſtands up cloſe againſt the Wall.

1. *Shep.* If we catch the Rogues, we'll broil 'em alive; no death can be painful enough for ſuch Wretches.

Jacom. O bloody-minded Men———

2. *Shep.* O impious vile Wretches! That we had you in our clutches? Open your dark Lanthorn, and let's ſearch for 'em.

Jacom. What will become of me? my Armour will not do now.

1. *Shep.* Thus far we hunted them upon a good ſcent: But now we are at a fault.

Jacom. Let me ſee, I have one trick left, I have a diſguiſe will fright the Devil.

1. *Shep.* They muſt be hereabouts.

Jacom. I'll in amongſt them, and certainly this will fright 'em.

1. *Shep.* O Heaven! What horrid Object's this?

Jacom. The Devil.

2. *Shep.* O fly, fly, the Devil, the Devil, fly———

[*Exeunt* Shepherds *frighted.*

Jacom. Farewel, good Gentlemen. This is the firſt time my Face e'er did me good. But I'll not ſtay, I take it; Yet whither ſhall I fly? Oh! What noiſe is that? I am in the dark, in a ſtrange place too; What will follow? There lie, O my Arms. Hah! who's there? Let me go this way——— O the Ghoſt! the Ghoſt! Gad forgive me, 'twas nothing but my fear. O vile Wretches! they have done the deed. There is no flying, now the place will be full of People, and wicked Lights, that will diſcover me, if I fly.

[*A noiſe within, Fire, Fire, the Nunnery's on Fire.*

Within. Fire, Fire, Fire; the Nunnery's on Fire; help, help——

[*Several People croſs the Stage, crying Fire.*

Jacom. What ſhall I do? there's no way but one, I'll go with the croud. Fire, Fire —— Murder! Help! Help! Fire! Fire——

[*More People croſs the Stage, he runs with them.*

Enter Don John, *Don* Antonio, *Don* Lopez, *four* Nuns.

D. *John.* Fear not, Ladies, we'll protect you.

1. *Nun.* Our Sex and Habits will protect us.

D. *Lop.* Not enough, we will protect you better.

1. *Nun.* Pray leave us, we muſt not conſort with Men.

D. *Anto.* What would you run into the Fire to avoid Mankind? You are zealous Ladies indeed.

D. *John.* Come, Ladies, walk with us; we'll put you in a place of ſafety.

1. *Nun.* We'll go no further, we are ſafe enough; be gone, and help to quench the Fire.

D. *John.* We have another Fire to quench; come along with us.

D. *Lop.* Ay, come, you muſt go.

D. *Anto.* Come along, we know what's good for you; you muſt go with us.

1. *Nun*

1. *Nun.* Heav'n! What Violence is this? What impious Men are these? Help! Help! [*All cry Help.*

Enter Flavia *and* Clara *Probationers.*

Flav. Here are the bloody Villains, the causes of our misery.

Clar. Inhumane Butchers! now we'll have your Lives.

D. *Job.* Hah! here are a brace of my Wives. If you have a mind to this Fool, take her betwixt you; for my part, I'll have my own. Come, Wives, along with me; we must consummate, my Spouses, we must consummate.

Clar. What Monsters are these?

All Nuns. Help! help!

D. *Anto.* 'Sdeath! these foolish Women are their own Enemies.

D. *Lop.* Here are so many people, if they cry out more, they'll interrupt us in our brave design.

D. *Job.* I warrant you; when they cry out, let us out-noise 'em. Come, Women, you must go along with us.

1. *Nun.* Heaven! What shall we do? Help! help!

D. *Job.* Help! help! Fire! Fire! Fire!

D. *Lop.* } Help! help!
D. *Anto.* }

[*They hale the Women by the hands, who still cry out, and they with them.*

Enter several people, crying out Fire, Jacomo *in the rear.*

Jacom. Fire! fire! fire! Help! Help! 'Sdeath! here's my Master.

D. *Job.* Sirra, come along with me, I have use of you.

Jacom. I am caught.

D. *Job.* Here, Sirra, take one of my Wives, and force her after me. Do you refuse Villain?

Enter Shepherds, with Officer and Guards.

Nuns. Help! help! good people help! Rescue us from these Villains.

1. *Shep.* Who are you, commiting violence on Women?

2. *Shep.* Heavens! they are the Villains we seek for.

Jacom. Where is my Armour now? Oh my Armour.

Officer. Fall on.

[*They fight, Women fly,* Jacomo *falls down as kill'd. Two Shepherds and the Officer are kill'd.*

D. *Job.* Say you so, Rogues?

D. *Lop.* So, the Field's our own.

D. *Job.* But a pox on't, we have bought a Victory too dear, we have lost the Women.

D. *Anto.* We'll find 'em again. But poor *Jacomo*'s kill'd.

Jacom. That's a Lye. [*Aside.*

D. *Lop.* 'Faith, let's carry off our Dead.

D. *Job.* Agreed; we'll bury him in the Church while the Ghost Treats us, we'll Treat the Worms with the Body of a Rascal.

Jacom. Not yet a while. [*Aside.*

D. *Lop.* Come, let's take away the Fool.

Jacom. No, the Fool can take up himself. 'Sdeath! you resolve not to let

let me alone dead or alive——
Here are more Murders, Oh!

D. *Lop.* Oh counterfeiting Raſcal! Are you alive?

[*The Clock ſtrikes Twelve.*

D. *Anto.* The Clock ſtrikes Twelve.

D. *Joh.* 'Slife, our time's come, we muſt to the Tomb: I would not break my word with the Ghoſt for a thouſand Doubloons——

Jacom. Nor I keep it for ten times the Money.

D. *Joh.* But you ſhall keep your word, Sir.

Jacom. Sir, I am reſolv'd to Faſt to night, 'tis a Vigil: Beſides, I care not for eating in ſuch baſe Company.

Within. Follow, follow, follow——

D. *Lop.* D'hear that noiſe? The remaining Rogues have rais'd the Mobile, and are coming upon us.

Jacom. Oh! let's fly—fly—What will become of me?

D. *Anto.* Let's to the Church, and give the Rogues the Go-by.

D. *Joh.* Come on, ſince 'tis my time, and I have promiſt the Governour, I'll go—You had beſt ſtay, Sirra, and be taken.

Jacom. No: Now I muſt go to the Church whether I will or no. Away, away, flie!

Enter Two Shepherds with a great Rabble.

Here they went; follow, follow—— [*Exeunt Omnes.*

The SCENE the Church, the Statue of Don *Pedro* on Horſeback; on each ſide of the Church, *Don John*'s Father's Ghoſt, *Maria*'s, Don *Franciſco*'s, *Leonora*'s, *Flora*'s, *Maria*'s Brothers, and others, with Torches in their hands.

Enter Don John, *Don* Antonio, *Don* Lopez, Jacomo.

Jacom. Good Sir, let's go no farther; look what horrid Attendants are here. This wicked Ghoſt has no good meaning in him.

D. *John.* He reſolves to Treat us in State; I think he has robb'd all the Graves hereabouts of their Dead, to wait upon us.

D. *Anto.* I ſee no Entertainment prepar'd.

D. *Lop.* He has had the manners to light off his Horſe, and entertain us.

D. *John.* He would not ſure be ſo ill bred, to make us wait on him on foot.

Jacom. Pox on his Breeding, I ſhall dye with fear; I had as good have been taken and hang'd. What horrour ſeizes me!

D. *John.* Well, Governour, you ſee we are as good as our words.

D. *Anto.* Where's your Collation?

D. *Lop.* Bid ſome of your Attendants give us ſome Wine. [*Ghoſt deſcends.*

Stat. Have you not yet thought on your loſt condition?
Here are the Ghoſts of ſome whom you have Murder'd,
That cry for Vengeance on you——

Father's Ghoſt. Repent, repent of all your horrid crimes:
Monſters, Repent, or Hell will ſwallow you.

D. *John.* That's my old Man's voice. D'hear old Gentleman, you talk idly.

Jacom.

Jacom. I do repent, O ſpare me. I do repent of all my ſins, but eſpecially of following this wicked Wretch. [*Kneels.*

D. *Anto.* Away, Fool. [Anto. *kicks him.*

D. *Fran. Ghoſt.* My Blood cries out upon thee, barbarous Wretch.

D. *John.* That's my Hoſt *Franciſco*, 'faith thou wert a good honeſt Block-head, that's the truth on't——

Flora's Ghoſt. Thou ſhalt not eſcape Vengeance for all thy crimes.

D. *John.* What Fool's that, I am not acquainted with her.

Leon. Ghoſt. In time lay hold on Mercy, and repent.

D. *John.* That was *Leonora*, a good natur'd ſilly Wench, ſomething too loving, that was all her fault.

Maria. Villain, this is the laſt moment of thy Life,
And thou in Flames Eternally ſhalt howl.

D. *John.* Thou ly'ſt, this is the young hot-headed Fool we kill'd at *Franciſco's*. Pox on him, he diſappointed me in my deſign upon the Daughters. Would thou wert alive again, that I might kill thee once more.

D. *Lop.* No more of this old fooliſh ſtuff; give us ſome Wine to begin with.

D. *Anto.* Ay, give us ſome Wine, Governour.

D. *John.* What, do you think to treat us thus? I offer'd you a better Entertainment. Prethee trouble us no more, but bid ſome of your Attendants give us ſome Wine; I'll drink to you and all the good Company.

Stat. Give 'em the Liquor they have moſt delighted in.

[*Two of the Ghoſts go out, and bring four Glaſſes full of Blood, then give 'em to D.* John, *D.* Antonio, *D.* Lopez.

D. *Lop.* This is ſomething.

D. *John.* This is civil.

D. *Lop.* I hope a good deſert will follow.

[*Ghoſt offers a Glaſs to* Jacomo, *who runs round D.* John, *D.* Antonio, *D* Lopez *Roaring.*

Jacom. Are you ſtark diſtracted? Will you drink of that Liquor? Oh! Oh! What d' you mean? Good ſweet Ghoſt forbear your civility? Oh! I am not dry, I thank you——

D. *John.* Give it me. Here, take it, Sirrah.

Jacom. By no means, Sir, I never drink between Meals. O Sir——

D. *John.* Take it, Raſcal.

Jacom. O Heav'ns!

D. *John.* Now, Governour, your Health; 'tis the reddeſt drink I ever ſaw.

D. *Lop.* Hah! pah! 'tis Blood.

D. *Anto.* Pah! it is——

Jacom. Oh! I'll have none of it. [*They throw the Glaſſes down.*

D. *John.* 'Sdeath do you mean to affront us?

Stat. 'Tis fit for ſuch Blood-thirſty Wretches.

D. *John.* Do you upbraid me with my killing of you? I did it, and would do it again: I'de fight with all your Family one by one, and cut off root and branch to enjoy your Siſter. But will you treat us yet no otherwiſe?

Stat. Yes, I will, ye impious Wretches. [*A Flouriſh.*

D. *Lop.* What's here? Muſick to treat us with?

D. *Anto.* There is ſome pleaſure in this.

SONG.

SONG of Devils.

1. Dev. *Prepare, prepare, new Gueſts draw near,*
And on the brink of Hell appear.
2. Dev. *Kindle freſh Flames of Sulphur there.*
Aſſemble all ye Fiends,
Wait for the dreadful ends
Of impious Men, who far excel
All the Inhabitants of Hell.

Chorus of Devils. *——Let 'em come, let 'em come,*
To an Eternal dreadful Doom,
Let 'em come, let 'em come.

3. Dev. *In Miſchiefs they have all the Damn'd out-done;*
Here they ſhall weep, and ſhall unpity'd groan,
Here they ſhall howl, and make Eternal moan.
1. Dev. *By Blood and Luſt they have deſerv'd ſo well,*
That they ſhall feel the hotteſt Flames of Hell.
2. Dev. *In vain they ſhall here their paſt miſchiefs bewail,*
In exquiſite Torments that never ſhall fail.
3. Dev. *Eternal Darkneſs they ſhall find,*
And them Eternal Chains ſhall bind
To Infinite pain of Senſe and Mind.

Chorus of all. *——Let 'em come, let 'em come,*
To an Eternal dreadful Doom,
Let 'em come, let 'em come.

Stat. Will you not relent and feel remorſe?

D. *John.* Cou'dſt thou beſtow another Heart on me, I might; but with this Heart I have, I cannot.

D. *Lop.* Theſe things are Prodigious.

D. *Anto.* I have a kind of grudging to relent, but ſomething holds me back.

D. *Lop.* If we could, 'tis now too late; I will not.

D. *Anto.* We defy thee.

Stat. Periſh ye impious Wretches, go and find
The Puniſhments laid up in ſtore for you.

[*It Thunders, Don* Lopez, *and Don* Antonio *are ſwallow'd up.*

Behold their dreadful Fates, and know, that thy laſt Moment's come.

D. *John.* Think not to fright me, fooliſh Ghoſt; I'll break your Marble Body in pieces, and pull down your Horſe.

Jacom. If Fear has left me my Strength, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

D. *John.* These things I see with Wonder, but no Fear.
Were all the Elements to be confounded,
And shuffl'd all into their former Chaos;
Were Seas of Sulphur flaming round about me,
And all Mankind roaring within those Fires,
I could not fear or feel the least remorse.
To the last instant I would dare thy Power.
Here I stand firm, and all thy Threats contemn;
Thy Murderer stands here, now do thy worst.

[*It Thunders and Lightens, Devils descend and sink with Don* John, *who is cover'd with a Cloud of Fire as he sinks.*

Stat. Thus Perish all
Those Men, who by their Words and Actions dare,
Against the Will and Power of Heav'n declare.

[*Scene shuts.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Jacomo.*

THrough all the Perils of the Play I've run,
But know not how your fury I may ſhun;
I'm in new dangers now to be undone-----
I had but one fierce Maſter there,
But I have many cruel Tyrants here,
Who do moſt bloodily my Life purſue;
Who takes my Livelihood, may take that too.
'Gainſt little Players you great Factions raiſe,
Make Solemn Leagues and Cov'nants againſt Plays.
We, who by no Allies aſſiſted are,
Againſt the Great Confederates muſt make War.
You need not ſtrive our Province to o'er-run,
By our own Stratagems we are undone.
We've laid out all our Pains, nay Wealth for you,
And yet, hard-hearted Men, all will not do.
'Tis not your Judgments ſway, for you can be
Pleas'd with damn'd Plays (as heart can wiſh to ſee)
'Ounds, we do what we can, what wou'd you more?
Why do you come, and rant, and damn, and roar?
'Sdeath, what a Devil would you have us do?
Each take a Priſon, and there humbly ſue,
Angling for ſingle Money with a Shoo.
What, will you be Don Johns? *have you no remorſe?*
Farewel then, bloody Men, and take your courſe.

mysep | p+c

Yet stay------
If you'll be civil, we will treat of Peace,
And the Articles o' th' Treaty shall be these.
" First, to the Men of Wit we all submit;
The rest shall swagger too within the Pit,
And may roar out their little or no Wit.
But do not swear so loud to fright the City,
Who neither care for Wicked Men, nor Witty;
They start at ills they do not like to do,
But shall in Shops be wickeder than you.
" Next, you'll no more be troubl'd with Machines.
Item, *you shall appear behind our Scenes,*
And there make Love with the sweet chink of Guineas,
The unresisted Eloquence of Ninnies.
Some of our Women shall be kind to you,
And promise free ingress and egress too.
But if the Faces which we have, won't do,
We will find out some of Sixteen for you.
We will be civil when nought else will win ye;
We will new bait our Trap, and that will bring ye.
" Come, faith let all old breaches now be heal'd,
And the said Articles shall be Sign'd and Seal'd.

FINIS.